106 b 4 — 3

EPITHALAMIA OXONIENSIA,

SIVE

GRATULATIONES

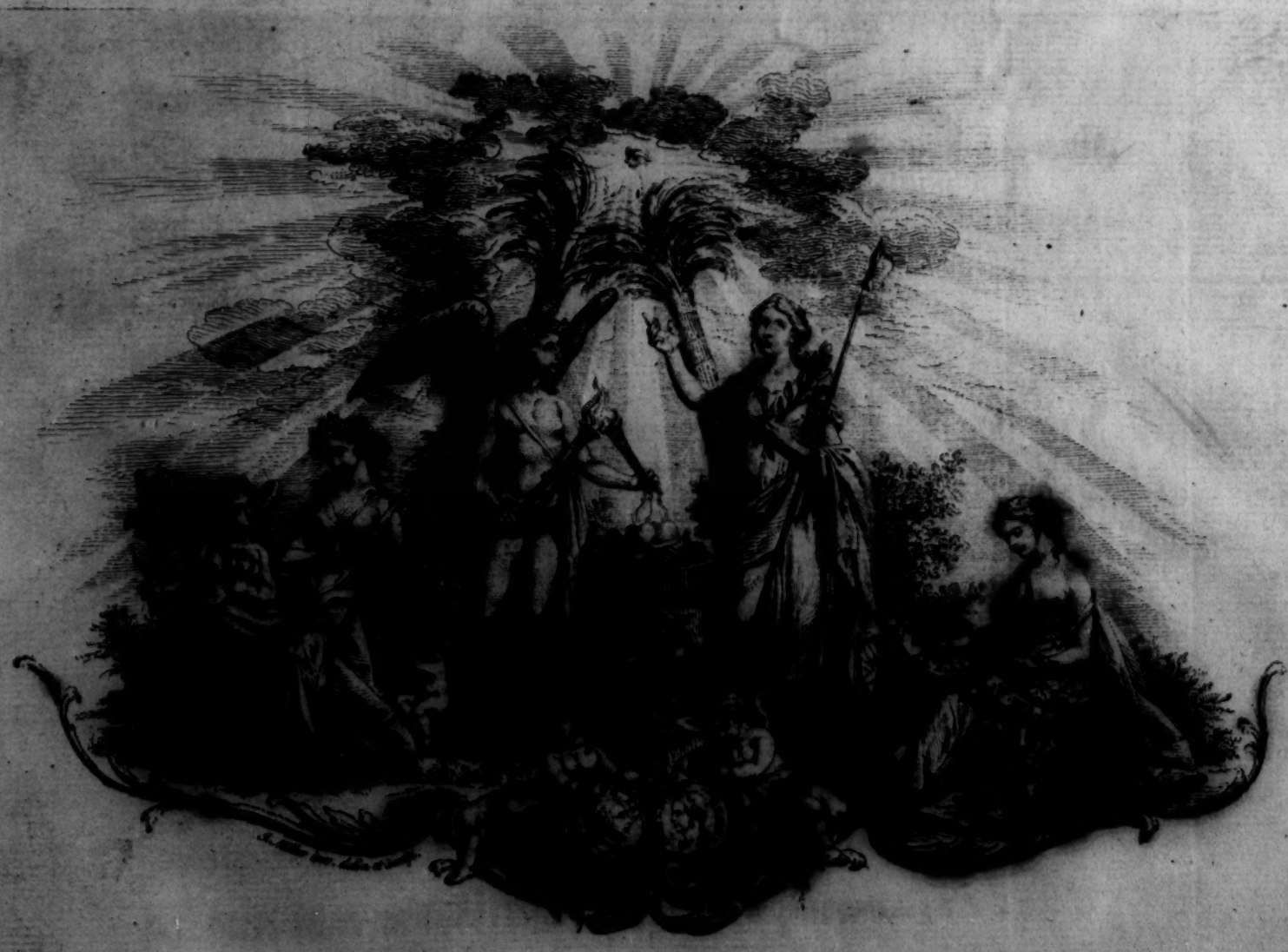
IN AUGUSTISSIMI REGIS

GEORGII III.

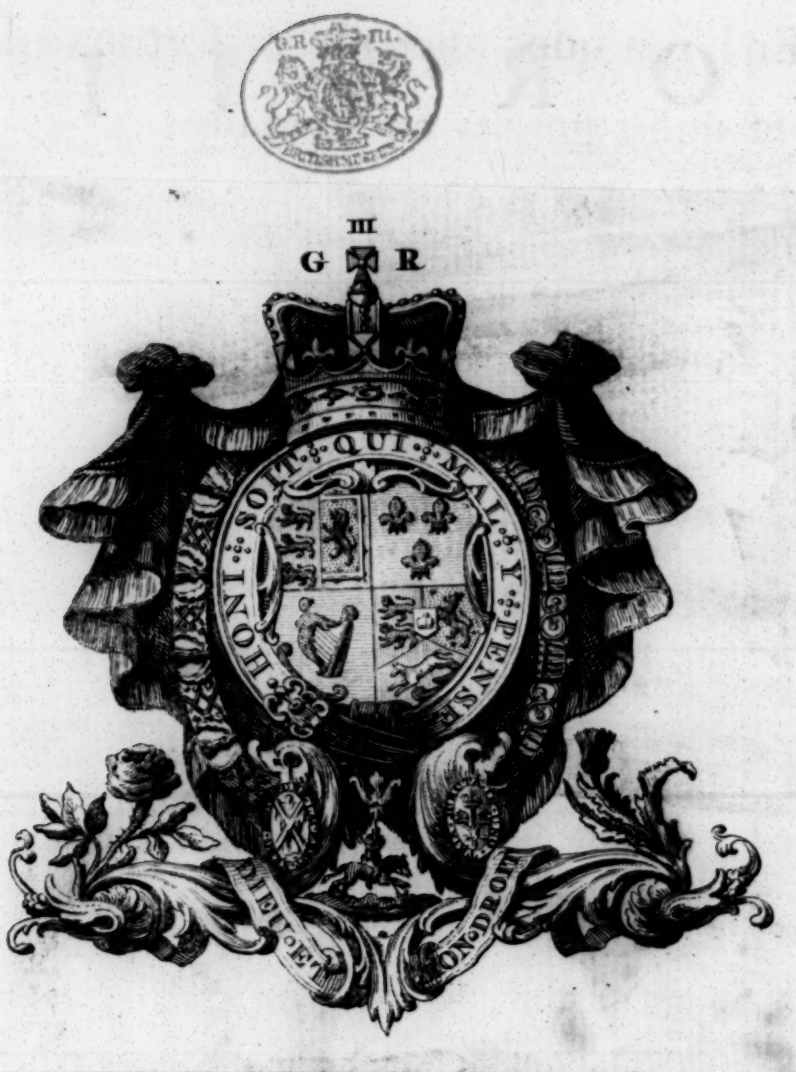
ET ILLUSTRISSIMÆ PRINCIPISSÆ

SOPHIÆ CHARLOTTÆ

NUPTIAS AUSPICATISSIMAS.



OXONII,
E TYPOGRAPHEO CLARENDONIANO.
MDCCLXI.


III
G R
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT

AD REGEM.

NON elegos triſtes, et miſta dolore tropæa,
Hæc Muſæ pietas officioſa canit:
En! tua nunc alios melior fortuna triumphos
Exhibet, et nullis gaudia tincta malis:
Gaudia, quæ puro de fonte perennia manant,
Quæ tibi ſolus alit connubialis amor.
Hæc tibi jam ſpondet non vani prodiga voti
Muſa, docens lætos lætiùs ire dies,
Et, ſociæ reputans exempla domeſtica vitæ,
Hortatur ſimilem laudis inire viam.
Qualis Avum CAROLINA, Patremque AUGUSTA beavit,
Talis io! talem Te tua Sponſa beet.
O! quodcunque poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Quod vitale putas cunque, ſit omne tuum.
Hoc CHARLOTTA dabit, cunctis prælata puellis:
Felix, et tali digna puella toro!
Non Te fictus amor trahit, Auguſtiſſime Princeps,
Non ſpecie pulchri prava cupido movet,
Sed virtus, et gentis honos, ſed gratia morum
Mille gerens veneres, gaudia mille gerens.
Dignam mente domoque legentis honeſta GEORGÎ,
Dotem non adfert Indus uterque parem.

Concordes

Concordes animas hæc copula nectat amorum,
Non niſi ſupremo diſſolüenda die.
Felix conjugium! O veſtro de ſanguine ſanguis
Auctior hæc patriæ gaudia perpetuet! ---
At quæ feſta dies aperit ſpectacula pompæ?
Exultant cives: eja, triumphus adeſt!
Eja, triumphus adeſt, quo ſol nihil orbe Britanno
Majus vidit adhuc, ſplendidiuſque nihil!
Non hæc tanta meis amplecti verſibus auſim;
Non niſi Virgilius Cæſare digna canat.
Sit mihi fas alias animo præſumere pompas,
Grateſque, et plauſus quos Rhedycina dabit;
Si quando noſtras inviſes hoſpes Athenas:
Quod petat, ambitio nec ſua majus habet.
Crede mihi, haud ſceptri regalis amantior ulla
Pieridum in laudes apparat ire tuas.
Quàm tibi tum læto plaudet pæane Theatrum;
Multiplicique fluet carmine lætus honos!
Macte animis, gentemque bonus tueare togatam;
Hic regnare velis; hæc tua regna fove.
Ingenuas melior tum Pallas diriget artes,
Aonium melior ducet Apollo chorum.

Josephus Browne S.T.P.
Coll. Reginæ Præpositus,
Universitatis Oxon. Vice-Cancellarius.

LOng did in glittering order ſtand
The ſacred enſigns of command,
And ſpread their mingled blaze;
Whilſt, to the Monarch's eye, the gem
That ſparkled in his diadem,
Shone with diminiſh'd rays.

What tho', their darling Prince to greet,
Britannia's ſons around his ſeat
Had preſs'd with fond accord?
Tho' loud, along the peopled way,
Contending millions bleſs'd his ſway,
And hail'd their native lord?

Still pomp and power lay unenjoy'd,
Still felt his breaſt an aking void
Unſated with a throne;
Till CHARLOTTE met his longing arms,
Gave royalty unwonted charms,
And beauties not its own.

'Twas then in radiant majeſty
We ſaw the Monarch's glowing eye
His conſcious joys avow;
'Twas then we ſaw his ſcepter'd hand
Wave graceful power; ſaw mild command
Sit beaming on his brow:

Then too, with emulous diſplay,
Their tribute of applauſe to pay
In vain a nation ſtrove;
We ſaw their ardent looks diſcloſe
How faſt within their boſoms roſe
The tide of duteous love.

Each object wore a lovelier hue;
Illuſtrious Bride, illum'd by you,
Each ſcene was brighter ſhown;
You gave the robe with grace to flow,
Gave gems with keener fires to glow,
Gave ſplendor to the crown.

Favour'd of Heaven, to Britain dear,
Bend, CHARLOTTE, a propitious ear
To Iſis' lowly ſtrain:
'Tis your's to raiſe the baſhful Muſe,
Her fires to fan, her fame diffuſe,
And lead th' Aonian train.

Far from Germania's hapleſs fields,
Where Mars his crimſon'd falchion wields,
And Terror ſtalks around;
Where Muſes, liſtening from afar,
Start at th' approaching din of war,
And fly th' unhallow'd ground;

In this bleſt iſle, this fair retreat,
Where Peace ſtill holds her envied ſeat,
Where no rude ſound invades;
Serene ſhall CHARLOTTE ſpread her pow'r,
Secure the Muſes tend her bow'r,
Or wander in her ſhades.

Here hand in hand, in order meet,
With floating arms, and gliding feet,
The Hours and Graces move;
Still, as freſh odours 'round they fling,
Each ſhall ſome new-blown flow'ret bring
To crown their CHARLOTTE's love.

The moſt Illuſtrious Prince, *Henry* Duke of *Beaufort*,
of Oriel College.

NYmpha, animum et formam cui ſydera læta, decuſque
Dedere, ſtirpe digna, digna nuptiis;
Nympha veni, et populi Regina inviſe beata
Potentis arva, divites et inſulas;
Quà procul à bello per florea rura, per urbes,
Securitaſque, Paxque ridet fertilis.
Hic tibi parta parens, matrem quæ penſet ademptam;
Junctamque dulci regiis ſororibus
Fœdere, Teutonidum capient oblivia: neve ut
Fas ſit relictas virgines requirere,
Hic te perpetuo devinctus amore fovebit,
Qui ſceptra flectit, corda qui Britannica,
Noſter amor, Juvenis; jamque et tuus. Incipe ſponſo,
Torique chara particeps et gloriæ,
Alloquiis mulcere animum; teneroque gerendi
Decore temperare pondus imperî;
Incipe. Vota valent ſi quid pia, tu dabis olim
Claram paternis laudibus propaginem
Heroum; pariter queis ſerviat Indus uterque, et
Longùm volentes pareant Britanniæ:
Dum minor auſpiciis, minor armis, fallere fruſtrà
Levi doloſa ſperet arte Gallia.

Honoratiſſ. Dom. *Arthurus*
Comes de *Angleſey*,
ex Æde Chriſti.

EPITHALAMIA

SCandit auratam tremebunda navem
Sponſa, nec lætis oculis remotos
Longiùs colles, patriique fluctum
Reſpicit Albis;
Gaudio quanquam dubio tenellum
Cor micat, quanquam Juveni decoro
Uxor aſcribi, Angligenumque geſtit
Cura vocari.
Jamque centeno tonat ore pinus,
Vox tubæ cœlum ferit, et retorta
Cornua, et rauco Dominam receptam
Tympana pulſu
Concinunt: Io, Hymenæe! nautæ
Perſonant; Io, Hymenæe! fluctus
Reddit illiſi maris, et reſultant
Concava ſaxa.
Audiens longe ſonitum è profundo
Exerit Nereus caput, et marinas
Convocans nymphas, "Celebremus, inquit,
Chara propago,
Nuptias Regis, pelagum gubernat
Qui minor Divis; agite ô, choreas
Vos citæ fauſtas, ego dum procellas
Carmine fallo.
Ibis, ô Virgo nimiùm beata,
Ibis ad digni thalamum mariti,
Cui parem haud tellus tulit ulla, noſter
Quam lavat humor.
Illius quæ non regio triumphis
Clara? Certatim capiti recentes
Alligant jam nunc ſimul India et Ger-
-mania laurus.

Ceſſit

Ceſſit Anglorum vetus hoſtis, exſpes,
Et mari et terrâ toties fugatus;
Hinc rates merſas premit æquor, illinc
Flumina condunt
Prælia haud auſas nova ſuſcitare.
Tu ſimul ponti veheris per undas,
Nil timens belli media inter arma.
Sed Tibi, Virgo,
Pompa nec magni phalerata belli,
Ordo nec ſplendens procerum, aut decoræ
Purpurâ matres, Britonumve plauſus
Fauſta voventum,
Gaudii tantum poterunt ciere,
Quantum honor, virtus, pietas Mariti,
Quantum amor nullo minuendus ævo.
Artibus Ille
Fretus his, longùm populo volenti
Imperet; Tuque his foveas amorem
Regii Sponſi, placidiſque flectas
Mitis habenis.
Tu leves grato alloquio moleſtis
Rebus obſeſſum imperii, et favorem
Liberæ gentis ſtudiis honeſtis
Sedula quæras."
Fatus hæc, dextrâ leviter carinam
Urget ingenti ſenior, morantes
Increpans ventos, Britonumque lætis
Admovet oris.

Honoratiſſimus Dominus *Carolus Greville Montagu*,
Roberti Ducis de *Mancheſter* Filius natu ſecundus,
ex Æde Chriſti.

EPITHALAMIA

AD REGINAM.

O quæ, virginei chori
Ludo ſepoſito et molliculis jocis,
Nunc matrona libentiùs
Audis, et fieri velle puerpera
Diſcis, conſilio Deûm;
Caſtis incipias deliciis frui,
Sponſus quas varias feret:
Nec te ſolicitus vel thalami timor
Tangat, vel nimius pudor,
Sancto non lepidè conveniens toro.
I, qua ſtrata roſis via
Tendit, diſpoſitos inter et ordines
(Ad nutum faciles tuum)
Agmen purpureis ducit Amor genis;
Et circum volitant levi
Sub pennâ Charites, urania et Venus,
Et pacti uſque tenax Fides,
Et Riſus hilares, almaque Fauſtitas.
Hos inter comites tuos
Se Muſa, officii haud immemor, inſerit;
Nec vultum rigidum ferens,
Nec dictis nimis effræna procacibus:
At (mores referens recèns
Nuptæ) corde alacri, ſed timido pede,
Pergentem ad thalamos novam
Sponſam pone tuens, fida pediſſequa.

Honoratiſſimus Dominus Vice-Comes *Wenman*
e Coll. Oriel.

OXONIENSIA.

Μουση λιπȣσ' ολυμπον,
Και συ, Κυπρις, και Υμην,
Συ ποτνιη τε Ηρη,
Παρεστε, φερτε μολπην.
Θελω λεγειν Ανακτας,
Θελω γαμȣς χορευειν·
Ανθεων χαριν φεροντες
Ιοις τε και ῥοδοισι
Γαιην καταστορειτε.
Ερχεται, ερχεται ισοθεος γυνη,
Ανασσα της θαλασσης.
Οιος μεν θορυβος κελαδος τε λαων,
Μνηστην επαινεωντων.
Κȣρη δε γην βλεπȣσα
Καλοισιν ομματεσσιν,
Αιδειται, ὡς ακȣει
Ευφημιης ἑαυτης.
Καλλει μεν μορφης, χαρισιν τε, στιλβει·
Ει δε προσδωσει φρενας ενδον ειδειν,
Ναιει ενταυθα φιλοτης αμυμων,
Και πρωτιστ' αιδως αρετων ἁπασων.
Τοιοισι, Ζευ, γαμοισι
Παιδας τε και θυγατρας,
Και παντα δος ποθητα.
Ημιν δε φως Ανακτες
Νυν αμφοι εκβαλωσιν,
Ως αστερες ποθεινοι
Ναυτῃσιν εκφανεντες.
Πανολβιοι γενοιντο,
Εναντιοισι δεινοι,
Ευηρατοι Βρεταννοις.

Honoratiss. Dom. *Edvardus* Baro de *Leigh*
e Coll. Oriel.

EPITHALAMIA

FAvit Amor, lætis arriſit Gloria rebus,
Et precibus noſtris annuit alma Venus.
Annuit Angliaco mitis CAROLETTA marito,
Nec retinet ſociam ſolicitata manum.
O magna, ô felix Regina! in quanta vocaris
Gaudia, per longos firma futura dies!
Ardet amor, pietaſque tibi ſincera GEORGÎ,
Cum populo pietas participanda tuo.
Adſis nunc, Hymenæe, et quas tibi mutua virtus
Accendit, vigili numine paſce faces.
Accipe, per longos tibi qui deſerviat annos,
Accipe, quæ purâ norit amare fide.
Aſpice, clarorum ô nutrix Germania regum,
Officio in prolem patria fida tuam,
Incedit teſtata pium CAROLETTA laborem,
Digna venit tali culta Marita Viro.
Sæpe per Angliacas memoratam audivimus urbes
Et faciem, et quâvis pectora digna deâ:
Fida parum, præſens, Famæ præconia luſit,
Emicuit laudi clarior ipſa ſuæ.
Enitet, ô Britones, annalibus addita noſtris,
Additur egregiis nobile nomen avis.
Inſuper his unum, patriæ Pater optime, donis
Adde, o pacificos inſuper adde dies!
O hederæ placidas ſerpentes inter olivas
Nectantur capiti, bina corona, tuo.
Inclyta ſic fauſto proles ſuccedat amori,
Sic vigeat patriæ gloria ſera ſuæ.

Honorabilis *Brownlow North*,
Honoratiſſimi Comitis de *Guilford*
Filius natu ſecundus,
Coll. Trin. Sup. Ord. Com.

FAllimur, anne novus pleno ſub pectore fervet
Spiritus, et citharæ ſolito mihi dulciùs aurêæ
Fila ſonant? — Nuper rauco ſtrepere undique cantu
Cornua; marcebat laurus; Muſæque ſorores
Aonium nemus, et placidos fugere receſſus:
Nunc iterum feſtas Pæan reſonare per urbes,
Nunc hilares ubicunque lyræ; lauruſque renata
Creſcere fronde novâ, et verno revireſcere fœtu.
Scilicet eximio Tibi, GEORGI, Muſa capillos
Flore ligat; ſeu Marte potens, ſeu gratiùs audis
Ipſe Parens Patriæ; Tibi enim, Tibi numina cœli
Conſortem tribuere tori, parilemque laborum
Participem — hinc plenos rediviva Britannia plauſus
Tollit — "Hymen Hymenæe adſis" — hinc læta juventus
Compita defuetis celebrat feſtiva choreis.
Hinc quoque jactatis nemora effulgeſcere tædis
Pinea, fuſcus ubi patriis procul errat arenis
Indus; at ille tamen magni, inter vina, GEÖRGI
Nomina, et alternos canit haud ignarus amores,
Et vultus roſeos, teneræque decus CAROLETTÆ.
Fortunate nimis Princeps! quanquam invida venti
Plorabas dudum impatiens faſtidia, votis
Affulſit lux alma tuis, nec charior ulla
Antiquis Britonum fidorum annalibus exſtat.
Non ita, quæ verſi proſtrata per agmina Galli
Victrices Britonum Laurentis ad oſtia vires
Conſpexit, memoranda dies! tum plurima mater
Polluit infauſto fœdata inſignia fletu;
Hæc jubet innocuos ſine clade iterare triumphos,
Hæc omni fugat ore metus, gentiſque beatæ
Integra perpetuo ſtabilivit gaudia nexu.
Scilicet ambitio, quæ regum plurima torquet
Pectora, non Illi vetitos adſpirat amores,
Aut auri ſitis, aut perituræ gratia formæ:

Sed virtus, ſed rara fides, ſed pectore puro
Simplicitas infixa — animos ea flectere ſola
Novit, et ingenuas Hymenæi accendere flammas.
Felix ante alios, et fortunate GEÖRGI!
Si quid caſtus amor, ſi quid ſocialia vitæ
Gaudia regalis poterunt vim fallere curæ,
Da meritas cœlo grates — Tibi ducitur uxor
Qualis in Angliacis jactat ſe nulla puellis,
Aut ſocias inter ludit Germana choreas.
Tuque adeo, externas ſupra caput exſere gentes,
Anglia; dumque olim verſis hoſtilia muris
Oppida, et egregios depinges læta triumphos,
Adde fidem, et magni connubia pacta GEÖRGI.
Scilicet aſſurget felici hoc fœdere creta
Regia progenies! Pueris pater anxius Ipſe
Aſtabit ſuper, et teneris infundet ab annis
Grande rudimentum, vitæque elementa futuræ.
Ah! Britonum votis ſi quid miteſcere nôrint
Fata piis, curſus ceſſaret ducere tellus
Ante ſuos, quam Te fidis, Rex alme, Britannis
Subtraheres — procul atra dies! pluresque det annos
Omnipotens! ſed quum tandem nativa reviſes
Aſtra Deus, tunc alter erit qui cœpta parentum
Finiet imperfecta, pareſque imitabitur auſus:
Alter erit; ſeu per populos dare jura volentes
Bello et pace potens pariter, ſeu vindice ferro
Sternere præcipitem, ſi quid molitur, Iberum.

Honoratiſſ. *Franciſcus Seymour Conway*
Vice-comes de *Beauchamp*,
Honoratiſſ. Comitis de *Hertford* Fil. natu maximus,
ex Æde Chriſti.

ILice ſub nigro, borealem triſtis ad Albim,
Fronte ſolo fixâ, demiſſoque horrida vultu,
Solicitos animo recolit Germania luctus.
"Me miſeram, quantas fecit circum undique ſtrages
Per gentem natoſque meos Diſcordia demens,
Et ſæva Ambitio, et regnandi dira cupido!
Aſpice disjectas urbes, incenſaque templa,
Vaſtatoſque agros, et campos cæde madentes!
Scilicet abruptis atrox Bellona catenis,
Diriſque Eumenidum turmis comitata, per omnes
Europæ fines, Aſiæque per aurea ſævit
Oppida, perque novi latè nemora invia mundi;
Nec ſol defendit ſitientes torridus Afros.
Solam inter tantos Te, diva Britannia, luctus
Non auſa eſt belli rabies violare; furentem
Tu procul exaudis tuto de litore Martem.
Non ſecus ac tumidi cum ſe violentia tollit
Oceani, ſtrepitus vanos, iramque procellæ
Secura immoto ſcopulorum à vertice rides!
En! tumida aſſurgunt flavis tibi meſſibus arva,
Ditiaque expanſis fervent commercia portis;
Oppida per, vicoſque tuos, calamique lyræque
Demulcent aures, et læta per otia ruris
Dulcia tranquilli meditantur carmina vates.
O patria! ô longùm infelix! quid gens mea tantum
Eſt merita? an quicquam ſupereſt dirique graviſque
Quod ſit inexhauſtum nobis! bella, horrida bella
Flent populi, viduaſque horror tenet anxius urbes."
Olli indignanti, ſuperoſque in vota precanti,
Divina illuxit facies; huic plurima ocellis
Gratia; et auguſto majeſtas conſcia vultu
Arguit immortale genus: tum magna per altum
Vox reſonat cœlum, dictiſque his ora reſolvit.

EPITHALAMIA

"Nec mihi res ignota, levis neque cauſa doloris;
Deſine jam fletûs; facili Te nempe deorum
Rex oculo intuitur; ſeriem jubet ille laborum,
Et fati immanes tandem ceſſare furores,
Et triſtes ignominias: En, omine fauſto!
En! quâ ſe tantùm Germania jactat alumnâ,
Cui decus egregium formæ, lumenque genarum
Purpureum dedit ipſa Venus, quam ſedula Pallas
Felici ornavit cultu, propriamque vocavit,
Aſſurgit virgo! Illam, ingenti captus amore,
Appetiit thalami comitem, ſociamque laborum
GEORGIUS ille, Pater Patriæ, populique Britanni
Defenſor, columenque! huic ſoli eſt aſpera belli
Imperio ſedare ſuo; exitiumque minantem
Europæ, torvum nutu compeſcere Martem.
Illius auſpiciis optatam dulcis olivam
Pax latè extendet; cœloque Aſtræa relicto
Per terras ſua jura dabit; mala ſemina fraudis
Tollentur; ſuavique iterum Concordia vultu
Adverſas junget ſociata in fœdera gentes.
Tum dîa Ubertas, paciſque Hymenæus amator
Lætiùs inviſent populos; feliciter uva
Exſurget, tutam factura nepotibus umbram.
Tum demum mirata ſuas Germania meſſes
Otia aget felix, procul et diſcordibus armis
Paciferi æternùm celebrabit facta GEÖRGI."

Honorab. *Thomas Lyttelton*,
Honoratiſſ. Dom. Baronis *Lyttelton*
Filius unicus,
ex Æde Chriſti.

AD REGEM.

DEliciæ Britonum, gentis ſpes maxima, cujus
Uno in te poſita eſt gloria, fama, ſalus;
Suavibus exuperas juvenes qui moribus omnes,
Auguſtâ exuperas qui gravitate ſenes;
Aſpice, mille modis dum grata Britannia ludos
Exercet, tantâ prole ſuperba, novos.
Nec minùs acceſſit crebris lux grata triumphis,
Cum Sponſa illuſtris, dimidiumque Tui,
Jam laribus lictis, optatâ egreſſa phaſelo
Fixit in Angliaco litore tuta pedem.
Quis decor inceſſûs! placidi quæ gratia vultus!
Digna tuo ſolio, digna puella toro!
Participans tecum vitæ ſpes, gaudia, curas,
Imperii præſens Illa levabit onus.
Te ſemper talis mirabitur Illa maritum!
Et quam junxit Hymen, hanc tibi junget amor.
Et citò te faciat lætum Regina parentem:
Nulla illi Parcæ ſtamina dura neant.
Quin poſſis multos olim numerare nepotes,
Detque Deus vitæ tempora longa tuæ.
At, tua quod meruit virtus, alterna valerent
Si procerum et plebis vota preceſque piæ,
Phœnici ſimilem te, Rex venerande, viderent,
Te patrem, et patriæ ſecula mille decus.

Honorabilis *Thomas Fitzmaurice*,
Frater Comitis de *Shelburne*,
ex Aulâ B^tæ. M^riæ. Virg.

CÁrcerem circà fremit ut ſalignum
Devios mater ſtudioſa pullos
Increpans, queſtus iterans; parique
Angitur æſtû;
Sic malè abſentes Rhedycina natos
Plorat; "Heus! quâ jam latitas in orâ,"
Singulis clamat; "quibus indecora
Otia vicis
Jam teris; cum deliciæ canendi
Nuptias Regis revocant, jubentque
Deſides vocali iterùm ciere
Pectine Muſas?
Quin refer greſſum, vaga turba, mecum;
Eja age, ad cantus, Erato, vocata
Ritè feſtina: neque, te monente,
Horrida bella,
Agmina aut devicta canam, duceſque:
Angliæ Clio recitet triumphos,
Quà patet tellus, pelaguſque: ſed tu in-
-terpres amantûm,
GEORGIUM et CHARLOTTAM, Erato, celêbra;
Et maritalis Venus, ac Cupido
Adjuvet, Junoque, et Hymen viciſſim
Perſonet aures.
Efficit Rex, conciliando mentes
Dividi longùm ſolitas, ut ætas
Diligat præſens; — renovando ſemet,
Providus auctor
Poſteræ gentis, facit ut futurum
Sæculum laudet: pueriſque virtus
Pullulans Patris, priùs ampla dona
Propria reddet.

OXONIENSIA.

GEORGII natos videor videre
Veſte ab HARCOURTI, ſimul et fideli
Ore, pendentes — "Age, quo reliquit
Litora vultû
Regiam ſcandens nova Sponſa puppim?
Num dedit mollis lacrymas? paternâ
An domo cedens, oculo irretorto
Fortis abivit?
Et choro, Tu, virgineo invidendam
Prætulit quam Rex populi potentis,
Dehinc recens charæ genetricis obli-
-viſcere funus:
Hic enim Auguſtam invenies; parata
Quæ vices matris bene ſuſtinere,
Te nurum lætans eadem fovebit,
Georgiadaſque.

Theophilus Leigh S.T.P.
Collegii Balliolenſis Magiſter.

CUM felix formare genus voluere virorum
Numina, de mediis Inſula ſurgit aquis;
Præſidioque tuo mandata, Britannia, nomen
Inde tuentis habet conſcia terra deæ.
Illuc quiſque ſuos Superi impertire favores,
Optimaque haud modicâ fundere dona manu:
Regibus imperium Pater ipſe hominumque Deûmque
Tradit, et à ſolio pandit ad aſtra viam.
Pollicitus majora tamen, "Rex prodeat, inquit,
Quem patria exultans jactitet eſſe ſuum.
Ejus ad auſpicium cives mens una Britannos,
Et diviſa priùs pectora junget amor.
Ejus ad auſpicium Neptunus leniet undas,
Et dabit incolumes ire, redire, rates.

Marſque triumphales properabit jungere currus,
Nec renuet laurus orbis uterque novas.
Ingentes recinet ſecurus Apollo triumphos
Lætiùs, et placidis otia longa modis.
Quinetiam formoſa Venus, Chariteſque decentes,
Intexent celeri ſerta decora manu;
Subvenient ſocialis Amor faciliſque Juventus;
Dum miratur opus textile lætus Hymen.
CHARLOTTÆ capiti non aptior ulla corona;
Nec, Rex, virgo tuo dignior ulla toro."
En! faciles agnoſco deos! haſque addo ſupremas,
Nec ſenis abjicias, ô Pater alme, preces;
Naſcatur, proprium quem Wallia jactet alumnum;
Spes olim patriæ certa, columna, decus.

Thomas Pardo S.T.P.
Coll. Jeſu Principalis.

QUA Britonas Galloſque inter freta cærula ſpumant,
Dubrino à clivo Morinorum litora longè
Proſpiciens, tales regina Britannia, mixtos
Lætitiâ atque irâ, volvebat corde tumultus.
Sic ſervata fides? inquit: ſic, Gallia, ſperas
Furtivâ violare manu viridantia ſerta,
Serta comis, fateor, veſtris abrepta, ſed ipſo
Marte, ſed horrifici media inter fulmina campi?
Et tanto ſceleri pacis prætendere nomen
Haud dubitas; ſævoque ſimul ſub pectore verſas
Vindictæ ſtimulos acres, odiique recentis.
Quid patriâ juvat arte dolos intexere inanes?
Ille Deus, cui vera placent, qui cuncta pererrat
Luminibus, latebras omnes, fraudumque receſſus
Evolvit cæcos; Ille hæc te vana moventem
Audiit, et curas fallentem talibus ægras:

"Nunc

"Nunc faciles tentandi aditus, et mollia fandi
Tempora: dum pompæ, et connubia læta parantur.
Scilicet Angligenis cantus, atque abſona belli
Tibia, virgineique chori, pompæque nitentes
Allectant animos: nunc detur pangere fœdus:
Oblatam arripient improvida pectora pacem.
GEORGIUS ipſe, ardens animi, nunc unius hæret
CHARLOTTÆ in vultu. Mens Illi neſcia fraudis
Vix ſciet explorare dolos, ſenſuſque latentes
Vocibus ambiguis: tales timor edocet artes.
Hinc rapere amiſſas lauros, atque orbis utroſque
Erecta ad fines dabitur turbare tropæa,
Dedecoris monimenta mei, famæque ruentis."
Perge fovere dolos; magnum ac memorabile nomen
Sic molire tuis: quin nobis gloria (patres
Queis famam fecere ſibi) ſit fervida virtus,
Sit ſervata fides, ſint conſcia pectora veri.
Hæc, Decus ô! noſtrum, hæc incondita vota hymenæis
Partem aliquam dignere tuis accedere, donec
Fulgeat alma dies, quâ feſſum cladibus orbem
Pax læta ambroſiis iterum circumvolet alis,
Et vacuis iterum liceat luſiſſe Camœnis.

David Gregory S.T.P.
Ædis Chriſti Decanus.

SYlvæ, ô Phaſelus, filia nobilis,
Sponſam GEÖRGI quæ tibi creditam
Debes, precor, reddas, puellam
Finibus incolumem Britannis.
Nil pulchrius, nil gratius Angliæ,
Claſſis remotâ apportat ab India:
Nil tale vidit qui rotundum
Nave citâ peragravit orbem.

Sed cur protervus jam fremit Africus?
Cur magna ſurgunt æquora, et horridâ
  Jactata tempeſtate claſſis
    Per mare velivolum vagatur?
Te, Virgo, quærit tota Britannia:
Votis maritus te juvenis vocat;
  Ventoſque nunc optat ſecundos,
    Nunc queritur mare fluctuoſum.
Accurre nobis ocius, ocius;
Accurre conjux digna GEÖRGIO:
  Germaniæ tu flos, et ille
    Deliciæ populi Britanni.
Tu (quod ſaluti defuit unicum)
Ditabis Anglos progenie novâ:
  Noſtramque tu felicitatem
    Perpetuam propriamque reddes.
O ter beati, copula quos tenet
Irrupta junctos connubio pari!
  Gens illa felix, quam tuetur
    Rex animo invigilans paterno.
Neglecta Virtus, et Pietas redit,
Et Caſtitas, et purpureus Pudor:
  A Rege derivata tranſit
    Per proceres populumque virtus.
Multos per annos det Deus, Angliæ
Vivatis ambo præſidium et decus:
  Veſtrique regnent hic nepotes,
    Dum freta circumeunt Britannos.

Thomas Randolph S.T.P.
C.C.C. Præſes.

OXONIENSIA.

AD VIRUM HONORATISSIMUM SIMONEM COMITEM HARCOURT.

DUM belli rabies furit undique, et omnia luctu
Implens attonitum Mavors quatit impius orbem;
Dum Britonum ruit ad pugnas animoſa juventus,
Plebs procereſque ſimul, nullo terrente periclo:
Te quantò melior, fortunatiſſime, cura
Diſtinuit! non de victis cum ſanguine Gallis
Rapta reportantem ſpolia huc, aſt agmina longè
Ducentem diverſa, tuoſque, Hymenæe, triumphos.
Nec tantùm patriæ prodeſt, qui fortiter arma
Scit tractare, timent quem per certamina campi
Inſtructæ hoſtiles turmæ: quin hanc quoque laudem
Præmia magna manent, ſi quis regum inferat aulis
Excultos mores, animum virtutis amantem,
Cui ſolii ac populi ſint æquo examine jura
Librata, et vitæ normam ſanctiſſima præbet
Relligio; qui Muſarum oblectamina grata
Ducit, & ingenuas tutelâ amplectitur artes.
Hæc tua ſunt, Patriæ & Regi chariſſime; nec Te
Debita deſtituit merces. En! Te duce, rectis
Cultibus inſtructus, veſtigia laudis avitæ
Ingreditur, majorum ingentia GEORGIUS æquans
Nomina; deliciæ Britonum, Galliſque timendus.
Te duce, deſeruit patrios formoſa penates
CHARLOTTA, Angliacos viſens dextro omine fines.
Blanda cohors ſequitur; Charites, Venus alma, Cupido
Caſtus, ſancta Fides, Concordia firma, futuræ
Nuntia amicitiæ; nec abes, dulciſſime præſes
Sacrorum, tædas geſtans, Hymenæe, jugales.
Illuſtrem pompam læta excipit Anglia; lætis
Accipiens ulnis ſponſam, Tibi GEORGIUS amplas
Perſolvit grates, procerum ô decus; & ſibi fauſti
Vincula conjugii exoptans felicia, ſortem

Sperat habere tuæ ſimilem: Te namque benignus
Muneribus cumulavit Hymen; et amantem et amâtam
Conſortem thalami tribuens, prolemque parentum
Delicias, ſeclique alta ornamenta futuri.
Sed majora manent Te præmia: GEORGIUS, uſque
Laude novâ creſcens, longè exuperabit avorum
Virtutes, quamvis magnas; toto orbe tumultus
Comprimet hoſtiles; Illo duce, candida terras
Pax bello afflictas dudum exoptata reviſet:
Dein curâ aſpiciens Britonas propiore fovebit
Rexque paterque ſuos; rixarum cuncta priorum
Delebit monumenta; erit una eademque voluntas
Omnibus; atque redux ætas erit aurea terræ.
Tum gratus recolens populus, quis ſemina primùm
Virtutis regi indiderit, quo fonte beata
Sors fluxit, Tibi conſpicuos perſolvet honores;
Æternam dabit heroum inter nomina ſedem
Priſcorum, ut cupiant eadem faciantque minores.

Franciſcus Webber S.T.P. Coll. Exon. Rector.

LET not unhallow'd ſounds the ſolemn day
Profane, and vows miſpaid to fancied names
Cupid and Hymen; and her, faireſt deem'd,
Venus, the Queen of Love; fond empty dreams,
Of Folly, and looſe Intemp'rance bred, that love,
Pure love excludes; for GOD himſelf is love.
He firſt all-wiſe the holy nuptial band
Ordain'd, and bade confine the lawleſs rage
Of appetite, elſe ſtriving to enthrall
In baſeſt ſervitude man's better part.
Yet ſome there are, who ſuch enthraldom chooſe
And liberty miſname, GOD's ordinance
Blaſpheming. Blind hearts! little do they know,
Groveling among the brute herd with low thought,
That boundleſs tract of pure ambroſial light,

Which

Which the free ſpirit rangeth uncontroul'd
In bliſsfull hope. But now befits the Muſe
To chant forth blithſome ſounds; not, as of old,
In maſque expreſt and ill-beſeeming rout;
Such as, when Bacchus from the eaſt return'd
In jovial triumph, thro' Cithæron rang,
Affrighting Night's ſtill reign with hideous brawl.
Though at thy throne, Great GEORGE, the duſky tribes
Of either India bow, yet ſtill be GOD's
The praiſe: ſo ſhall He bleſs this day, and hence
Derive on thine anointed head of joys
And ſocial happineſs an endleſs ſtore.
Oft, when thy lab'ring breaſt with thouſand cares
Is fraught, (that ever on the kingly crown
Attend) ſhall She, that now Thyſelf partakes,
Fair partner, ſmooth thy low'ring brow with ſmiles
Of guileleſs love; and aſk of victories
Foregone; on Him, that erſt thy counſels ſped,
Bidding rely; aſſurance beſt to man.
  Should then kind Heav'n, to thine inceſſant pray'rs
Propitious, grant a Son; him ſhalt thou joy
To principle in virtuous lore, inforc'd
By fair example; thus his ductile mind
Informing beſt to counſels deep, and care
Of kingdoms; teaching with mild hand to bleſs
Thy people; other dictates far than thoſe,
With which the Grecian ſage young Ammon's ſon
Enflam'd to mad ambition, then deem'd virtue!
  Long may the heav'ns avert the day, (tho' come
At laſt it muſt) when he, thus diſciplin'd,
Shall catch the ſceptre from thy drooping hand;
To longeſt years, O GOD, avert; and fill
The bleſſed interval with joy and peace.

John Fanſhaw D.D. Canon of Chriſt-Church,
and Regius Profeſſor of Divinity.

EPITHALAMIA

בואי שרלוט יפה בנשים
שכחי נא עמך ובית אביך
בית אביך אשר בית מולדת
לשרים נדולים ושרות:

אשר נתן מלך לסויכים
אשר נם מלכה לברוסים
מבית הזה מלכי כל צפון
לקחו אשות חיל לבניהם:

בואי שרלוט הנה בשעריך
מרכבות נריבים וחורים
משלחים שמה להביאך
לארמנות נרניוס מלכנו:

אשר היום הקים ממשלתו
בכל נבולות כל הארץ
אשר היום הקים אהבתו
בכל לבבות כל לאמו:

אשר לחתם כל טובתו
לשרלוט בתולה ידידה
נתן נפשו ויתחתן בה
להושיבה עמו על כסאו:

על כן נילו בני בריטנים
בשופר תקעו הנה היום
לקח נרניום שרלוט לאשה
ויפנשו חכמה ויופי:

חכמה לו כחכמת שלמה
בתורת יהוה וחקיו
ויופי לה כיופי שרה
בכל טובת לבב ומראה:

OXONIENSIA.

מעתה תחת אבותינו
יהיו לנו בנים נשיתם
לשרים בכל גוי הארץ
ויאמרו כל העמים אמן:

Thomas Hunt, S.T.P.
Ædis Christi Canonicus,
Ling. Heb. Professor Regius,
et Professor Ling. Arab.

Νυμφαι Νηϊαδες, προχεουσαι εὔῤῥοον Αλβιν
Ερκυνεων ορεων ὑπο σπεσσιν, πεμπετε νηας
Πεμπετε μειλιχιως, αἱ νυν προχοαισιν εφ' ὑμαις
Ισταται, λευκαισιν αγαλλομεναι πτερυγεσσιν.
Αἱ μεν σπευδουσι Βρετονων εις πιονα νησον,
Ουκ οἱας το παροιθεν επι προτερων ανθρωπων
Ηγησασθ', ολοον πολεμον, και κηρα φερουσας,
Αἱ ῥα Γοθους ηγον, και Σαξονας ἁρπακτηρας,
Αγγλους τ', ὡν μετεπειτα κατ' ανδρων μυρια φυλα
Ουνομα μοιρα Θεου τευξειν κυδιστον εμελλε.
Αλλα τα μεν προτετυκται· αταρ νυν στειλατε πομπην
Αινως αλλοιαν· νυν νηες αγουσιν Ανασσαν
Παρθενικην, παρα δε Χαριτες, και παντες Ερωτες
Δεσμους τευχουσιν μαλακους γαμου ἱμεροεντος.
Η ουκ ιδετ', ω Νυμφαι, λαους, ὡς αμφι ῥεεθρον
Αθροοι ἑστηκασιν επ' οχθαις αμφοτερῃσι
Σιγῃ θαυμαζοντες; αταρ σπερχεσθε και ὑμεις
Στησασθαι πλεκτους τε χορους και εὔφρονα μολπην,
Νηος ὑπο πρυμνῃ πολυδαιδαλου, ᾗ ενι Κουρη.
Καιπερ δη πτωσσουσαι ὑπο πτολεμου ορυμαγδῳ
Παντοθεν ορνυμενου, στυγερων νυν εκλελαθοισθε
Κηδεων, ἡ δ', ολιγη περ, αναβλησις γου εστω.

EPITHALAMIA

Ωδε δε πως ειποιτε θοης περι νηος ιουσης
Παρθενικην πεμπουσαι επ' ηεροειδεα ποντον.
Ω μακαρ εκ μακαρων γονεων τεκος, η αρα σοιγε
Δαιμων εστι φιλος, νυν ολβια παντα τετυκται·
Νυν κλεινων Βρετονων γην ἱξεαι, οἱ σε Θεαν ὡς
Παντες τιμησουσι· ποσις δε σοι εστιν ἑτοιμος
Αξιος, ᾧ ενι μεν στιβαραι φρενες, ᾧ ενι μορφη
Παντοιη, θαλερης θ' ἡβης χαριεστατον ανθος.
Τῃ δε βιῃ θαλεθει, ᾗ αν ουκ ερισειε μεν αλλος
Σκηπτουχος βασιλευς· και γαρ θρονῳ εμβασιλευει
Ευνομιαις αγαθῃσι κεκασμενῳ, εμπεδῳ αιει.
Οὑτος σ' εισοροων φρενα τερψεται, αλλα συ και τον
Αιδεισθαι, φιλεειν τε· Θεος δε σοι ισον ερασθαι
Δωσει, ὁμοφροσυνην τε, και ευτεκνιην ερατεινην.
Ως ειποιτε Θεαι· τοτε μεν χαιροιτε και ὑμεις·
Και ληγοιτο παλιν πολεμος κακος, αντι δ' αϋτης
Αρεος ανδροφονου, ενοπη ἡδυπνου αυλης,
Μυκηθμος τε βοων, μακρον ῥοον αμφι γενοιτο.

Samuel Dickens S.T.P. ex Æde Christi,
Linguæ Græcæ Professor Regius.

CUM blandi auspiciis cœli subvecta per æquor
Regale attulerat cærula puppis onus,
Adversæ siluere hyemes; faustosque hymenæos,
Gaudiaque alternus quæ pia spondet amor,
Nereidum cecinere chori, conchisque retortis
Æquora compositi personuere maris;
"Sic tandem, Regina, venis — gaudete Britanni,
Illa venit (Divûm dat favor) Illa venit,
Quæ, non sceptrigeri votis indigna GEÖRGI,
Dividet imperii pondus amata comes:
Scilicet ingenuos sensus, mentemque capacem
Artibus erudiit casta Minerva suis;

Scilicet

Scilicet ipſa Venus naſcenti arriſit alumnæ,
  Baſiaque eximio nectare tinxit Amor.
O felix una ante alias Regina — ſerenent
  Qualia venturos gaudia paxque dies!
Non quia Brunſvici (triplici decus addita regno)
  Tradita per magnos ſceptra tueris avos;
Non quòd mille pedes famulæ comitantur heriles,
  Regaleſve humeros purpura ſacra tegit;
Sed quia divinâ plenum virtute maritum
  Pollicita eſt thalamo jam Cytherea tuo.
Grande decus Britonum, ſalve! Par nobile, ſalve!
  Non ſine conſilio, numinibuſque Deûm,
Nobile Par! — dum nympha calet, dum corda maritus
  Perſentit curis intumuiſſe novis —
Det ſobolem Latona bonam, Cythereaque præſens
  Accenſas parili ventilet igne faces."

Joannes Kelly M. D. ex Æde Chriſti,
Medicinæ Profeſſor Regius.

AD VIRUM HONORATISSIMUM
SIMONEM COMITEM HARCOURT.

GEntis Britannæ ſpem tibi creditam,
  HARCOURTE, fauſtâ ducis avi domum:
O ſoſpitem ſponſo vocanti
  Redde, precor, volucriſque famæ
Præverte curſum. O quicquid amabile,
Quicquid decorum rite domeſticas
  Felicitates ornat, illud
    Omne tuum pia Muſa Regi
Spondet marito. Te duce, candidum
Traxit colorem imbuta puêrtia;
  Te ſpectet et Vir, conjugalis
    Pura ſequens documenta vitæ.

EPITHALAMIA

O vita vitalis, bene mutuo
Devota nectens pectora fœdere!
O ſola, quam fortuna regum
Novit, amicitiæ miniſtra!
Hic Gratiarum turma decentium,
Fideſque nodum rumpere neſcia, et
Concordia, et caſtus perennem
Spirat amor generans amorem;
Omnique formâ pulchrior aſpici
Vultus benignæ conſcius indolis,
Et multa virtus, dote quâvis
Divitiæ pretioſiores.
Cupido turpis pulſa fugit retro
Contaminato cum grege pellicum,
Et Regis exemplo juventus
Docta pudicitiam tuetur.
O quanta portas gaudia Patriæ!
O quanta Sponſo! digna manus tua,
Marite felix, tale munus
Quæ ferat ominibus ſecundis!
Ne Mentor abſis Telemacho tuo
Fidus miniſter: quin, ope Numinis,
Quod deerat unum, effinge Regem
Connubio ſtabili beatum.

Edvardus Bentham S.T.P.
Ædis Chriſti Canonicus.

قلت بديها مضمنا
الدهر دولاب يدور
فيه السرور بعد الشرور
ملوك دنيا اضرمت
من نار عداها البحور
ملكوا البلاد واهلها
ماضي الاوامر والنهور

ثوهموا

توهموا ان الزمان
مطاوع غير النفور
سعوا علي اطفاء
دور الله والدين الطهور
بيناهم في غرهم
والدهر مكار غيور
انقض فيهم صرفه
كالصقر في دقل الطيور
وتفرقت تلك الجموع
وهد ما شاد الدثور
سين منا خلا وقام سين
قوول لما قال الكرام فعول
وسا اصلة تحت الثري وسما به
الي النجم فرع لا ينال طويل
عظم شاده وقوي امره
وفي البلاد شاع ذكره
قامت الملكة عن يمينه
في لباس الغرفير مذهبة بها مشتملة
باصناف الشكل مزينة
فان الملك قد اشتهي حسنها
وقال الشاعر في مثلها
فلو كان النسا كمثل
هذه لفضلت النسا علي الرجال
الان يتهلل الاكتار
ويفرح البريتني بالعام الخير
اللهم اعط الملك حكمك
ليقضي بالحق بين شعبك
ويشرق في ايامه العدل وتكثر
السلامة حتي يفني القمر

R. Browne, D.D.
of Hertford College,
Lord *Almoner*'s Profeſſor of Arabic.

EPITHALAMIA

QUAM voce feſta perſonat Britannia
Centum per urbes! Quam triumphat gaudio!
Credas ferocem Galliam, fractam manu,
Ceſſiſſe campis; aut, ſuperbè ſupplicem,
Oleam minuto jam furore tendere:
Sic quiſque luci gratulatur candidæ
Quâ Rex, ab altis regibus miſſum genus,
Apollinari fronde redimitus caput,
Cunctæque laudis meſſe dives ubere,
Æterna ſancti ferit amoris fœdera.
Quin fauſta nobis Virgo firmat omina,
Quam, queſta ventos invidos, et litori
Affixa curvo, precibus Expectatio
Vocavit; excipienſque materno ſinu
Deſideratam jactat hoſpitam ſuam,
Et læta voces fundit has Britannia;
"Hanc et decentes ſubſequuntur Gratiæ,
Et certat hanc ornare Virtutum chorus.
Illuſtrat orbem jubare quà ſol aureo,
Non invidendos cernet incolas meis,
Si tot beentur regiis nepotibus
Quos dulce vinclum amoris irrupti tenet,
Quot ſtemma longum nobiles refert avos,
Et quemque dotes mentis exornent pares."

David Durell S. T. B.
Coll. Hertford. Principalis.

AT length the gallant Navy from afar
Riſes in proſpect, with expanded wings
Improving the kind gale, ſo long delay'd;
And wins in pompous pride her eaſy way
To Albion's ſhore, charg'd with the precious freight
Of England's deareſt hopes, and GEORGE's love.
Not ſo deſir'd, nor with ſuch treaſure fraught,
Arrives the wealthy convoy, from the coaſt
Of Ceylon or Golconda; laden deep
With ſpicy drugs, barbaric gems, and gold.
Nor He who circled in his daring courſe
The globe entire, old ocean's utmoſt round,
Brought back ſo rich a prize, tho' with the ſpoils
Of proud Iberia loaded he return'd;
Or captive in his halſers when he drag'd
The vanquiſh'd Gallic fleets; as now he brings,
More welcome, from Germania's friendly ſhore.
  Hail kindred regions, dear parental ſoil,
Saxonian plains! where deep Viſurgis flows,
Where Leina's doubly-honour'd waters glide,
Where mighty Albis draws his humid train!
England to You with grateful homage pays
Filial obeyſance meet: to You ſhe owes
Her name, her tribes, her generous race; to You
Her firſt, her lateſt bleſſings. Forth from You
Iſſued our Sires, old Woden's high-born ſons;
Great Woden deem'd a God, with uncouth rites
By his rude offspring worſhip'd: they their courſe
Adventurous ſteer'd to theſe alluring ſhores.
Firſt Hengiſt, valiant chief; nor yet leſs wiſe
Than valiant: he the Cantian wold obtain'd,
His new domain; yielded by ſocial league,
Or won by fair Rowena's conquering charms.
Next Ella, Cerdic, and th' intrepid race
Of Anglians from Eydora's northern ſtream,

Pour'd in their numerous hoſts: nor Britiſh proweſs,
Nor Merlin's ſpells, nor Arthur's puiſſant ſword,
Hight Caliburn, fam'd in romantic tale,
Could long withſtand th' impetuous onſet bold
Of our great ſires in battle. Soon they rais'd
On Britain's ruins ſeven imperial thrones;
Seven thrones conjoin'd at length in Cerdic's race:
From whoſe high ſource the ſtream of regal blood,
Through the long line of Engliſh Monarchs, flows
Down to th' illuſtrious Houſe of Lunenbourg,
From antient Brunſwic nam'd, (Brunſwic, the ſeat
Primeval of Saxonian chieftains old)
To GEORGE, great heir of Anglo-Saxon Kings.
And Thou, Saxonia's brighteſt ornament
Erewhile, now England's boaſt, and higheſt pride,
Welcome to theſe congenial ſhores; to this
Ambiguous land, another Saxony.
See thine own people, thy compatriot tribes,
With heart-felt joy, and zealous loud acclaim,
Thy bleſt arrival hail. Tho' ſever'd long
From their original ſoil, on foreign ſtock
Tho' grafted, not degenerate: ſtill within
Works the wild vigour of the parent root.
Rough, hardy, brave; by force intractable,
Or lawleſs rule; patient of equal ſway;
With civil freedom tempering regal pow'r.
Be this thy better country; nor regret
Thy natal plains, tho' dear: here Thou ſhalt find
What largely ſhall o'erpay thy loſs. Lo! here
Thy Parent, Brother, Friend, all charities
Compris'd in one, thy Conſort, with fond wiſh
Expects Thee; ſcepter'd GEORGE, with every grace
Adorn'd; yet more renown'd for virtue's praiſe,
Faith, honour, in green years wiſdom mature,
True majeſty with awful goodneſs crown'd.
He ſhall aſſwage thy grief: his thoughtful breaſt,

Studious

Studious of England's glory and Europe's weal,
Thou in return ſhalt ſooth; with tender ſmiles,
Endearing blandiſhment, and equal love.
Nor ſhall, Heaven's gift, fruit of the genial bed
Be wanting; pledge of public happineſs
Secure; dear ſource of long domeſtic joys.
Here Thou ſhalt reign a ſecond CAROLINE;
Diffuſing from the throne a milder ray,
Soft beauty's unexpreſſive influence ſweet.
Prompt to relieve th' oppreſt; to wipe away
The widow's tears; to call forth modeſt Worth;
To cheriſh drooping Virtue: patroneſs
Of Science and of Arts; friend to the Muſe,
Of every grateful Muſe the favourite theme.
Hail, Sovran Lady, deareſt Dread! accept
Ev'n now this homage of th' officious Muſe,
That on the verge extreme of Albion's cliff
With gratulation thy firſt ſteps prevents,
Tho' mean, yet ardent; and ſalutes thine ear
With kindred accents in Teutonic lays.

Joſeph Spence M. A.
Regius Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory.

REgina Cypri, ſeu Paphium nemus
Decora luſtras, ſive tuis Cnidus
Ridet choreis, et Sabæo
Thura tibi redolent odore,
Adeſto feſtis, Diva, Britanniæ
Vocata votis, nec puer aureas
Ponat ſagittas, nec potentem
Solve ſinu, Cytherea, ceſtum.
Quin ipſa, pronis lapſa rotis, levi
Deſcende puppes alite in arduas,
Jactata quà CHARLOTTA ponti
Attonitâ bibit aure murmur.

Hanc, inſolentes turbinis impetus
Paventem, amicis erige vocibus;
  Mentemque maternâ gravatam
    Morte piis, Dea, ſolve curis.
Dic inde quantâ ſpe Britonum tument
Elata corda: ut GEORGIUS increpat
  Eurum morantem, uxoriuſque
    Solicito cruciatur æſtu.
Nec abſit, acri qui face torreat
Senſus labantes, filius aliger;
  Oeſtroque rurſus mollicellas
    Tange tuo leviter medullas.
Sic et dolentem non alio, Dea,
Deliniebas eloquio potens
  Cadmi ſororem, cùm trementes
    Fluctibus immaduere plantæ,
Et patriæ deſideriis domûs
Inæſtuabat: tu, Dea, dixeras
  Suffuſa riſu, "Parce, virgo,
    Parce metu, queruloque planctu.
Tonantis uxor ſplendidioribus
Aſſueſce rebus: nec lachrymis ſacras
  Fœdato tædas, queis adurit
    Corda Jovis genialis Hymen.
His fide fatis, cùm bifidæ plaga
Diſſecta terræ te dominâ coli
  Avebit Europâ, tuæque
    Nominibus meminiſſe famæ.
Ibi frequentes de domitis aget
Terris triumphos acre virûm genus;
  Arteſque Pallas auſpicatis
    Inſtituet, ſua dona, regnis."

Joannes Ruſſell Baronettus,
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

VOTA pii Regis tandem exaudita, preceſque
Unanimis populi cœlos habuere faventes.
En venti ponunt; tumidi ſuper æquora fluctus
Subſidunt; properatque fidem ſervare, ſacrumque
Reddere depoſitum, ANSONUS; nunc tramite certo
Urget iter, clavoque ipſe aſſidet impiger, omnes
Explorans auras: neque enim pretioſior illi
Navis, quæ dominum luſtrato rettulit orbe
Incolumem, et victi ſpoliis orientis onuſtum.
Jamque "Venit, formoſa venit CHARLOTTA," Britanni
Plaudentes unâ conclamant voce; cavæque
CHARLOTTAM ingeminant rupes et litora longè.
Huic comes unà Hymenæus adeſt, tædamque coruſcans
Accerſit Nymphas, Riſuſque, et quicquid Amorum,
Quicquid habet Venerum felicior inſula Cypro:
Et quæcunque ſciunt Charites decus addere formæ,
Ornatûſve leporem, atque artes mille placendi:
Et quæ ſurripiunt mentes πυκα φρενεοντων,
Suadam, ac Lætitiam, ac blandos ſine crimine Luſus.
Hymen ô Hymenæe, canunt læta agmina circùm;
Hymen ô Hymenæe, lacus monteſque relamant.
Ut juvat ingenuos vultus atque ora tueri
Virginis, ora verecundo ſuffuſa rubore,
Æthereâque oculos radiantes luce, roſaſque
Labrorum, et celſos auguſtæ frontis honores!
Omnia patricio teſtantur ſanguine cretam!
Quòd ſi animi egregias ſcirem depingere dotes,
Qui nitor ingenii: quæ vis: quas calleat artes:
Gratia quæ morum, atque annis prudentia major:
Aptè præſagum SOPHIÆ poſuiſſe parentes
Agnomen dicas: aut, delapſam æthere ſummo,
Cælicolarum aliquam in terris voluiſſe morari
Credideris, ſceptro digna ut regina Britanno,
Digna ut divino non deſit rege marita.

EPITHALAMIA

Hymen ô Hymenæe, tibi nunc ſerta paramus,
Atque tuos feſtâ celebramus voce triumphos.
Nec renuit præſtanti adeò ſubmittere Amori
GEORGIUS ingentes animos; qui laudis avitæ
Æmulus, atque Pater Patriæ florentibus annis,
Conſilio juvenis moderatur ſceptra ſenili;
Uni quippe favens Virtuti, atque ejus amicis.
Ille tamen, nullis violabilis antè ſagittis,
Sentit inaſſuetum caſto ſub corde calorem:
Dumque ſuis jubet auſpiciis totum ire per orbem
Signa Britannorum ſemper victricia, vinci
Se ſinit, et gaudet lauros intexere myrto.
Hymen, ô Hymenæe, dies ſine nube ſereni,
Et læti hinc, utinam! incipiant procedere menſes.
Scilicet imperii triſtes lenire labores
CHARLOTTA alloquio dulci, citharâque, valebit.
Illa ſimul docto prætentat pollice chordas,
Dulciaque argutæ jungit modulamina vocis;
Triſtitia it longè, et furvis Dolor avolat alis;
Et nova diffuſam permulcent gaudia mentem.
Illa etiam mores aulæ ſtudioſa regendi,
(Hæc animo, Rex magne, tuo gratiſſima cura,)
Quid decet et pulchrum eſt, monitu exemploque docebit.
Macte toro, Juvenis cœlo dilecte! diúque
Conjuge ſis felix; ſit felix Illa marito:
Atque experta gradu redeuntem ſæpe benigno
Lucinam, pulchrâ faciat Te prole parentem:
Quæ Britonas tutata armis, et moribus ornans,
Æquet virtutes, et honorem extendat avitum;
Georgiadûmque ferat ſacrum per ſecula nomen.
Hymen ô Hymenæe, veni; jam templa reſurgunt
Aurea, jam lucent tædis genialibus aræ.

Guilielmus Haſledine S. T. P.
Coll. Magd. Socius.

QUÆ nova, pacis amans, patriis erepta periclis
Advolat, Angliacis gratiſſima ſedibus, hoſpes!
Vidi ego, cælicolis dum læta faventibus ultrò
Per longos terræ tractus, vaſtataque regna,
Præcipiti delapſa gradu, ſe litore ſiſtit
Cognato, et, ſuetos jamjam lictura penates,
Reſpicit extremùm, funditque noviſſima verba:
" Vos patrii campi, ſaltuſque, et amæna vireta,
Ducere quos inter quondam juvenile ſolebam
Otium, et ad citharam feſtas agitare chorêas,
Vos ſylvæ, rivique, et roſcida prata, valete!
Non mihi, ceu quondam, ſtudia hæc repetita placebunt:
Altera me vobis aufert jam cura volentem;
Altera regna vocant." Dixit, vultuque Britannos
Converſo ad cœlos, celeri pede rapta nitentem
Ingreditur puppim, et vaſtis ſe credidit undis.
Regius intereà Sponſus per pectora ſentit
Mille ſibi inſolitas ſubitò diſcurrere curas,
Spemque metumque inter dubius: nunc anxius hæret,
Omnia tuta timens; nunc Diîs confiſus amicis,
Gaudia venturi thalami ſibi dulcia ſpondet.
Deinde novæ Sponſæ correptus imagine, gratam
Applicat ad pectus formam; dum mille lepores,
Mille legit veneres in vultu; atque oſcula figens
Imperfecta, animum picturâ paſcit inani.
Nec minor optatæ ſuſpenſum huc verſat et illuc
Cura animum Nymphæ, cum, poſt diſcrimina ponti,
Creſcentem ante oculos ripam, ſcopuloſque tuetur
Eminùs extantes, Britonumque allabitur oris.
Omnia perluſtrat latè loca, ſeque recenti
Ornari imperio gaudet trepidatque viciſſim,
Miraturque novos cœlos, et jam ſua regna.
At qui mox ſenſus! vario quam pectora motu
Miſcentur! ſponſo quando accurrente, futuri

Conſortem aſpiciens regni thalamique, pudico
Se retrahit vultu; atque, oculos demiſſa decoros,
Candidulum inclinat collum; patienſque vocari
CÆSARIS uxor, abit dilecti in jura mariti.
Ille manum manibuſque fovet, dextrâque labello
Leniter admotâ, ſacrati pignora voti
Ingeminans, ſponſæ ſuaviſſima baſia libat.
Felices animas! quêis hæc præludia amoris
Irruptum ſpondent nodum, tædaſque perennes!
Vos quoque felices Britonas! quêis pignora lecti
Mutua tam caſti ſpondet ſincera juventas,
Conjugii intemerata fides, et conſcia virtus,
Diique ipſi, ſemper faciles in vota Britannûm.

Thomas Barker A. M.
Coll. Æn. Naſ. Socius,
Academiæ Procurator Senior.

QUID Regi, ſolium non ſine Numine
Scandenti, voveam? quæ juveni bona
Optem, purpureis cui gena gratiis
Ridet, membraque fortia
Primo flore vigent? ut citò dulcia,
Quæ fert purus Amor, gaudia ſentiat,
Et caſto Veneris munere regium
Ornet Sponſa pudens torum.
Audivere preces Dii; mare conſcium
Agnoſcit dominam, fluctibus undique
Exultans; placidumque Oceanus caput
Tollit, ſuſpiciens Deam.
At flatu Zephyrus detinet invido,
Ingratam meditans navigio moram:
Nequicquam; tumidæ quæ Zephyri minæ
Obſtent imperio Jovis?

Curſum

Curſum picta tenens jam medium, ratis
Pandit vela noto; dum procul Albion
Saxis conſpicitur ſole micantibus;
Compellant ſua litora
Nautæ: nec mora; Te mille faventium
Expectant oculi, Te precibus vocant
Sceptri participem, Te populi decus,
Te, Te delicias Viri.
Aſſurgit Tibi ſubmiſſa Britannia,
Lauru cincta caput, nec dominam negat;
Defert ſceptra volens et clypeum Tibi;
Orbi, Te minor, imperans.
En quà purpureo lumine ſplendidus
Accedit Juvenis! quale tibi micat
Circum, Phæbe, caput; cum liquidum Deæ
Quæris cæruleæ ſinum.
At Mater tacitâ proſequitur prece
Lucinam; "O thalamis alma fidelibus
Adſis, et faveas, Diva, puerperæ!"
Hæc inter, ſubitò ſui
FREDRICI recolens triſtis imaginem,
"Sis, ô Sponſa, precor, cætera ſis, ait,
AUGUSTÆ ſimilis! det tibi, quas mihi,
Felici alite nuptias
Fidis ſemper Hymen æquus amantibus!
Aſt, ô! ne Britonum dulce decus tuo
Complexu abripiant; ſed Tibi, ſed ſuis
Servent fata diù Virum!"

Thomas Nowel A. M.
Coll. Oriel. Socius,
Academiæ Procurator Junior.

בהנחיל יהוה גוים
ממזרח שמש לבואו
לנו נתן מקום חמדה ועוז
ויכבד אותו בלב ימים:
אי אלביון
מה רב לך אני סחר
מה רב לך צי מלחמה
רבו עד אין מספר:
לכן בניך נכבדי הארץ
ותחרדה מקול רעמך תבל:

ברוך עליון לנצח
ממגר תהום ושמים:
כי הוא סביב סובבנו כחומה
כי הם מזלים צדק ואמונה:
אשרי הבריטנים
בהם לבב כל עם כאיש אחד:
בהם משל מלך
שאוצרו יראת עליון:
בהם משל מלך
שנאתו אהבת עמו:
כמוהו מי ממלכינו משל
ומי כמוהו שר בכל ארצות
כתום לבו ובתבונות כפיו:

אהב הוא ספר הקדוש
שדבר אל בפי כל נביאיו
ויצו אותו הופיע מכלל יופי:
כל לקח טוב ומוסר
בימיו פרח יחד:
אמר לדעת תרבה בארץ
ולחכמה אורי מים עד ים:

EPITHALAMIA

מאשרים בריטנים
אם מלכם חי לעולם:

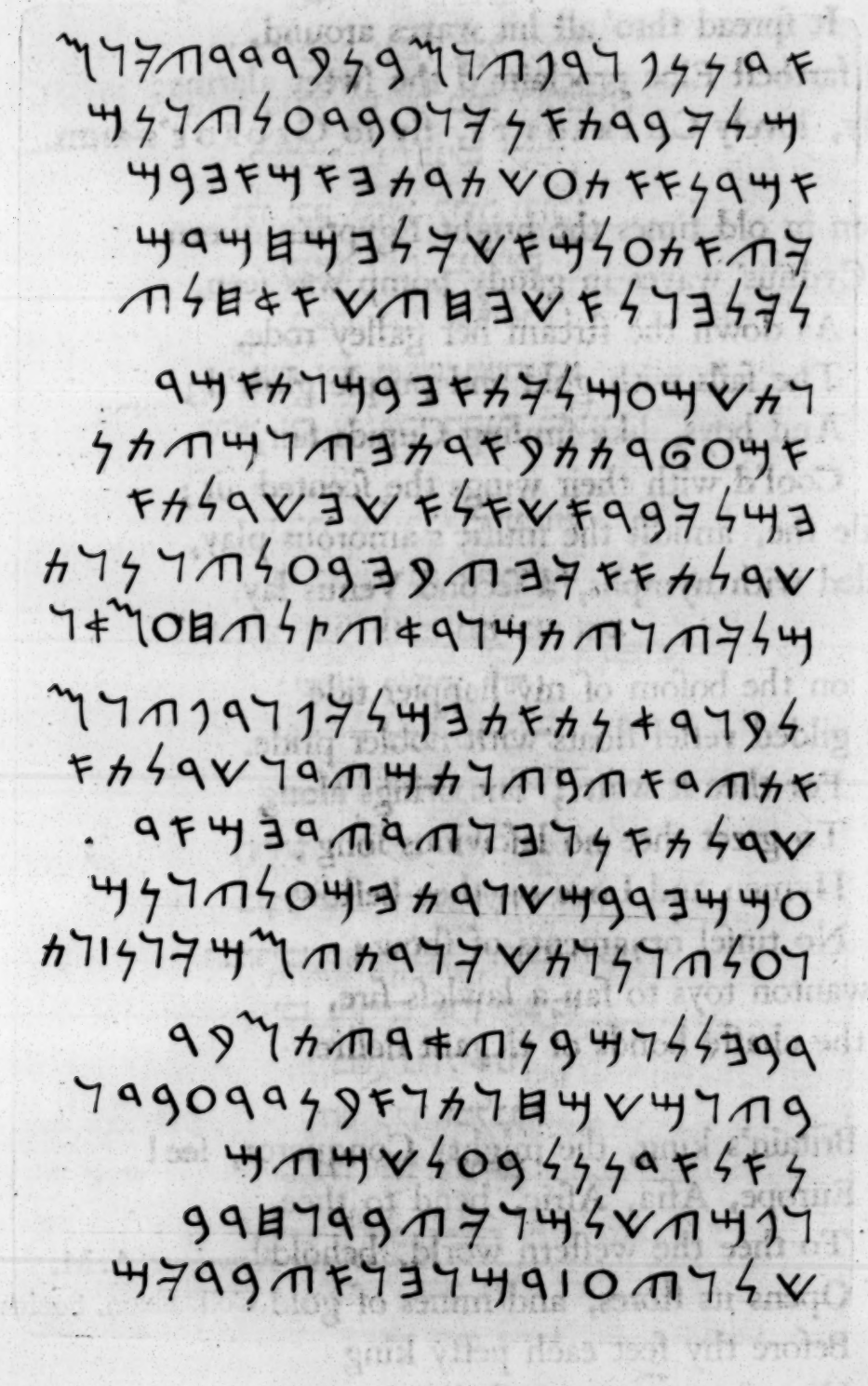
הוא לא ימות כי יחיה
יחיה האב בבנים:
הן לו בחר אשה מכל שרות
ואשה מגדל יש על מות לאישה:
למלכנו בני בנים יקומו
ולו יכון כסאו לדור ודור:
הגידו זאת בגללים
בשרו בכל אורופה:
איה זרח שמש ואיה בא
קראו כי זה יום חתנת מלכנו:

דברו אל לב בריטניה
כי מלאה נא אשרה:
שמעו בני אדם גם בני איש
שמעו ושמחו יחד:
אך הן בכל מלוכה
שמחה מאד גדולה:
תרועות העם עלו השמים
בקול שופרות נבקעה הארץ
הנהרים מחאו כף וירעם הים:
ים נהרים ארץ שמים
ברון גדול רנו
יחיו מלך ומלכה
יחיו יחיו לעולם:

Benjaminus Kennicott A. M.
Coll. Exon. Socius.

EPITHALAMIA

Carmen Phœnicium,
ad recentioris dialecti et ſequioris literaturæ normam
exaratum.



Joannes Swinton, S. T. B.
ex Ædе Chriſti.

THE morning roſe, and with a conſcious ſmile
Whiſper'd ſoft tidings thro' Britannia's iſle.
Imperial Thames from ſhore to ſhore
With joy the bliſsful accents bore:
Old Ocean caught th' enlivening ſound;
It ſpread thro' all his waves around,
Till fartheſt Elbe proclaim'd the ſweet alarms;
"Fly, lovely CHARLOTTE, fly to GEORGE's arms.

When in old times the bright Egyptian queen
On Cydnus' waves in gaudy pomp was ſeen,
As down the ſtream her galley rode,
The ſails with gold and purple glow'd;
And boys, like ſmiling Cupids fair,
Cool'd with their wings the ſcented air;
While ſhe, amidſt the muſic's amorous play,
Circled with nymphs, a ſecond Venus lay.

Lo! on the boſom of my happier tide
The gilded veſſel floats with nobler pride.
For thee it waits; but brings along
To greet thee no laſcivious ſong;
Hymen and Love on thee beſtow
No tinſel ornaments of ſhow;
No wanton toys to fan a lawleſs fire,
But the chaſte bonds of elegant deſire.

Fair Britain's king, the mighty Conqueror, ſee!
Bids Europe, Aſia, Afric, bend to thee.
To thee the weſtern world, behold!
Opens its ſtores, and mines of gold.
Before thy feet each petty king
His tributary crown ſhall bring;
Reſume his ſplendor at thy greater hand,
And rule the nations but at thy command."

The River ſpoke; then proudly on his wave
Receiv'd the richeſt freight that Europe gave.
And when old Neptune had ſurvey'd
Each grace that deck'd the royal maid,
"From thee, ſaid he, a ſtem ſhall reign,
And hold the empire of the main,
'Till time ſhall ceaſe." This ſaid, with courteous mien
The prophet bow'd, and hail'd Her England's Queen.

The Hon. *William Neville*
Brother to the Right Hon. Lord *Abergavenny*,
Gent. Com. of Chriſt-Church.

MUſæ ô divinæ, quæ nuper ad Iſidis undas,
Inſpirante deo, fudiſtis amabile carmen;
Seu libuit deſiderium plorare parentis
Abrepti, et tumulo collectas undique lauros,
Munere poſtremo fungentes, ſternere; ſeu vos,
Sæpe revolventes præſago lumine ſecli
Surgentis ſpes, et propioris munera pacis,
Delicias lætæ gentis ceciniſtis Iulum:
O, memores quo vos Rhedycinæ clara propago
Uſque colit ſtudio, certatim, docta caterva,
Ingenuos huc ritè jocos, et mille lepores,
Afferte; huc Siculi paſtoris qualia fudit
Carmina teſtudo, quum formoſiſſima rerum
Tyndaris ad thalamos magni properaret Atridæ,
Feſtivoſque choros, pulcherrima turba, puellæ
Æquales agerent; plauſuſque per atria latè
"Hymen, ô Hymenæe!" parem ſponderet amorem.
Materies verſûs jam dignior: Albion hoſtes
Læta videt victos; et, dum undique ſigna triumphant
Angligenûm, GEORGÎ auſpiciis, rediviva reſurgit
Doctrina, et luctus paulatim oblita recentes
Præſidio tali gaudet; nebuliſque remotis,
Artes è tenebris caput exeruere caducæ.
Inſula fortunata! tibi natura benigna
Indulſit ſoli, media inter bella, ſerenâ Pace

Pace frui, tibi funeſtos neſcire dolores,
Horrida quos præ ſe geſtat, morboque, fameque,
Servitioque gravi, et vinclis comitata, Tyrannis.
Inſula fortunata! tibi ſecura manebit
Libertas, per ſecla hoſtiles ſpernere fortis
Inſidias, vel quos movet inteſtina tumultus
Seditio, dum BRUNSVICI de ſtirpe vigebit
Angligenis ramus, populi qui fronde benignâ
Defendat jura, et ſubjectas protegat artes.
Pone metus! Britonum curâ propiore ſaluti
GEORGIUS invigilans ſerum demittet in ævum
Magnanimum genus; heroum de ſtemmate longo
Advenit en! Virgo, thalamum quæ digna ſubire
Egregii juvenis: quæ tempora leniùs ire
Efficiat: ſolii quæ poſſit fallere curas.

Hen. Hieron. de Salis A. B. Coll. Regin. Socio-Com.

NYmphs, that mountain, wood, or hill,
E'er the day peeps, lightly tread;
Ye, that haunt where whiſpering rill
Creeps along the matted mead;

Or the ſea-worn beech do hold,
Green-hair'd ſiſters of the main;
Hither haſte, and ſtrait unfold
Each the treaſures of her reign.

Be they flow'rs of brighteſt hue,
Such as fade not with the dew
That chilling Autumn ſcatters wide:
Be they wreaths of myrtle green,
Such as deck the Paphian queen,
Or ſhells with queint enamel dyed.

And "Hymen Io Hymen" be your ſong;
Hymen reſound the woods and hills and ſhores along.

Hymen raiſeth high his brand
Newly touch'd with chaſteſt fire;
Thouſand pleaſures at command
Purple-winged round him quire.

He of theſe the father is,
Father of each ſocial joy;
Soothing with tranſcendent bliſs
Cares that mortal breaſts annoy.

Looſe Deſires affrighted fly;
And the fiend Adultery,
That ſunk old Troy in foul diſgrace:
Proſtitution, whelm'd with dread,
Trembling ſeeks her maſked head
To hide among the ſavage race.

Let "Hymen Io Hymen" be your ſong;
Hymen reſound the woods and hills and ſhores along.

But in virgin ſplendor bright
Lo! the bluſhing Maid appears.
Venus from a cloud of light
Mildly whiſpering ſooths her fears:

"Happy ſhores whereon you tread,
Shores with peace eternal crown'd!
Calm thy fluttering boſom's dread;
Nothing here but joys are found.

Haſte; for thee thy blooming mate
Doth with hopeful rapture wait:
His peer not all the world doth hold:
Him — But ſoon thyſelf ſhalt ſee,
Bleſſing thy kind deſtiny,
How little ſhallow fame hath told."

Now "Hymen Io Hymen" be the ſong;
Hymen reſound the woods and hills and ſhores along.

Lewis Bagot B. A. Son of Sir *Walter Bagot*,
Student of Chriſt-Church.

ΥΜΕΝΑΙΟΣ.

ΕΥΔΕΙΣ, ολβι' Αναξ; βλεφαροις βαρυς ὑπνος εφιζει;
Νυμφη δ' εκ λεχεων Ηοι ἁμα φαινομενῃφιν
Εγρετο, και δμωῃσι κελευει, εἱματα καλα
Εκ τε λιθοις φορεειν εριτιμας παμφανοωσας,
Σȣς κοσμȣσα γαμȣς· ἡ δ' ȣ κοσμοιο γυναικων
Ου τεχνης δεεται, λαμπρῳ το δ' αρ' ομμα σμαραγδῳ,
Και χροιην Ηοι ῥοδοδακτυλῳ, ισοφαριζοι.
Ιλαος, ω Υμεναιε, γαμοις τοιοισδε παρειης.
Ευδεις; η ȣκ ἱζεν εφ' ομμασι νηδυμος ὑπνος·
Οιδε γαρ ȣλος Ερως ανδρων μαλα περ κρατεοντων
Εκπλησσειν φρενας· αθανατων, ὁν φασι, μεγιστον,
Κυκνῳ, η ταυρῳ, η χρυσεῳ εικελον ομβρῳ,
Πεμπειν εις γαιαν· σεο δη γαμος ἱερος εἱρκται
Δεσμοις αῤῥηκτοις, τȣς Σωφροσυνη καμεν αυτη,
Αιδως τ' ευ κατεχουσα βροτȣς· σεο δ' ȣ φιλον ητορ
Κερτομεοις επεεσσι τερει Ηρη νεμεσωσα,
Ποιȣσ' αυτον ολυμπον ανοικητον δομον ειναι,
Μειλιχιην δ' ἑξεις αιει και εϋφρονα κουρην.
Ιλαος, ω Υμεναιε, γαμοις τοιοισδε παρειης.
Ηως, η ρα φιλη, και εραστη πασι βροτοισι,
Ωρνυσ' απ' ωκεανȣ φαος ηελιον τε φερȣσα·
Ουδε φιλη τοσσον ναυτῃσιν εελδομενοισι
Εν ποντῳ εφανης, ὁτε μεν σπιλασιν συνεκρȣον
Νυκτα δι' ορφναιην, αιπυν δ' εδδεισαν ολεθρον,
Ουδε μεν ανδρι, ὁδου ὁταν ἡμβροτε, γȣνατα καμνων,
Υλῃ εν οιοπολῃ, θηρων δ' ολολυγμος ορωρει,
Ουδε φιλη τοσσον μενεα πνειȣσιν επηλθες
Αγγλιακοισι νεωστι, μαχην ὁτε νυξ διεκρινεν,
Δεικνυσ' αντιπαλȣς, δωσȣσ' ερικυδεα νικην,
Οσσον Ανακτι φιλη θαλερην εσαγες Παρακοιτιν.
Ιλαος, ω Υμεναιε, γαμοις τοιοισδε παρειης.

EPITHALAMIA

Ηλυθες, ω Νυμφη, ποντȣ περαωσα κελευθȣς,
Τηλοθεν εκ πατριης γαιης, ἑταρας τε λιπȣσα
Ηλικας, οιετεας, και αδελφεας εν μεγαροισι·
Μητερα δ' αυ θανατος παρος ἡρπασε, και πολεμιζων
Ην ψυχην παρεβαλλετ' αδελφος· μη δε σε τειροι
Αινον αχος κραδιην, βασιληι γαρ ανδρι συνηντας
Ος λιην σε φιλων, ποσις αγλαος, ηματα παντα,
Σοι δ' ἑταρος τε, πατηρ τε φιλος, και αδελφεος εσται.
Ιλαος, ω Υμεναιε, γαμοις τοιοισδε παρειης.

Νευσαι', Ειρηνη κουροτροφε, πασ' αγαπητη,
Κȣραισιν δε μαλισ' ερατη, τριλλιστος ἱκανοις.
Ου γαρ ερως πολεμῳ, ȣδ' ἱμερος, ȣδ' οαριστυς,
Θαλλουσ' εν στυγερῳ· μογις η γαμον ηε χορειην
Φορμιγγων ενοπη κηρυσσει παρθενικῃσι,
Ημισεων βροτολοιγος Αρης δ' Υμεναιον αμερσεν
Τιμων, καδδ' υἱον τις εκλαυσατο, η τον ερωντα,
Η ποσιν, εν προμαχοις εχθρων ὑπο χερσι δαμεντα.
Ανδρομαχης κρατερον πολεμος κτανεν Εκτορ' ακοιτην·
Σον δε μεν ȣ φθισει, Νυμφη χαριεσσα, σαος δε
Νησου ἁλιζωνης κρατεει μαλα πιονι δημῳ·
Εχθρȣς αμφιρυτη δε θαλασση και νεες εσθλαι,
Νηες ερυκουσιν, ταις ȣ ῥαδιως τις εριζοι.
Ιλαος, ω Υμεναιε, γαμοις τοιοισδε παρειης.

Ηλιος εξεφανεν, χρονος ἑρπει, παντα δ' ἑτοιμα·
Εξελθοις προθυροιο, Αναξ, και ερυθριαωσαν
Χερσιν αγων κουρην, θαλερην ποιησον ακοιτιν.
Ημεις δ' ηϊθεοι και παρθενοι ἑσπεριοι σοι
Νεομεν', ὁταν θαλαμῳ κατεκληξαο κηωεντι
Αιδοιην αλοχον, συναεισομεν αλληλοισι,
Ευχομενοι παιδας τε και ολβια παντα γενεσθαι.
Ιλαος, ω Υμεναιε, γαμοις τοιοισδε παρειης.

Radulphus Barnes A. M.
ex Aulâ Sti. Edmundi.

FEſtina, & manibus lyram,
Euterpe, nitidam ſume; nec impigrum,
Virgo, ſiſte priùs gradum,
Quàm Sponſæ attigeris limen amabile.
Illic ad thalamum ſedet,
Expectatque alacrem nupta recèns virum.
Illic tradet Hymen tibi
(Sancti conjugii callidus arbiter)
Partes officii tuas,
Quas fido obſequio gnaviter impleas.
At cum carmine nuptias
Feſtivas hilari concelebraveris,
Sponſiſque augurio bono
Fauſta inter thalamos voveris omnia,
Sic tandem valedicere
Pergas, ad nitidæ limina januæ.
" Felices, quibus intima
Nodo corda tenet mutua copula;
Queis anni neque diſpares,
Neve acti ſtudiis diſparibus dies;
Nec formæ abſimilis decor,
Triſtem diſſocians conjuge conjugem.
Non hæc limina dulcia
Linquam perpetuò: quippe aderit dies
Cum Lucina vocabitur
In vota, & facilem, Sponſa, voles deam.
Tunc inter comites tuas
Addam me ſociam; muneris & memor
Impôſti, ad citharam bono
Votiva eliciam carmina numini.
Tunc & pronuba te nurum
AUGUSTA eripiat prompta doloribus:
Donec filiolum in ſinu
Geſtes lacteolo, ſpem patriæ, & decus.

EPITHALAMIA

Jam nunc aſpicio patri
Tendentem exiguas Georgiolum manus,
Et conatibus irritis
Nitentem ore ſonos fingere ineptulo,
Et circumdare cerea
Collo ſolicitum brachia flexili."

Guilielmus Courtenay Coll. Magd.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis,
Baronetti Filius Unicus.

HEnce Melancholy, penſive maid,
In ſtole of ſable hue array'd,
With viſage wan, and fixed eye,
Daughter of pining Miſery:
Hence thou ſullen fiend, Deſpair:
Hence Grief, and ſelf-conſuming Care:
Hence Thou, who lately didſt inſpire
With mournful ſtrains the plaintive lyre,
Melpomene; hence wing thy rapid flight;
And ſilent ſeek the gloomy ſhades of night.

Come Mirth, thou laughter-loving boy;
Come buxom Sport with roſy Joy;
Come, hither lead in merry glee
Thy jocund train, Feſtivity.
Whilſt on the dew-impearled plain
Ye trip it round and round again,
Thalia, chearful muſe, ſhall ſing,
And lightly touch the tuneful ſtring:
Enraptur'd with the ſong, fair Iſis' grove
Forgets to whiſper; and her ſtreams, to move.

And liſt! — ſweet ſounds of warbling flute,
Tabret, or merry harp, or lute,
Borne on the balmy-breathing gale
Steal from yon gay, enamell'd vale.
Hark! hark! — they come — and now, more near,
They ſweetly charm my liſt'ning ear.
And lo! two forms majeſtic tread
The flow'ry boſom of the mead;
This Honour ſeems, of bold and comely mien;
That Virtue's ſofter form, and look ſerene.

See, now the little Loves advance
And mingle in the mazy dance:
Now with united ſkill and care
The ſiſter Graces deck the fair;
And while they ſtrew the nuptial bow'rs
With freſh-cull'd amaranthine flow'rs;
Virtue and Honour, hand in hand,
Near the pure-blazing altar ſtand.
Lo! Hymen now the ſacred knot has tied,
And Virtue is the Britiſh Monarch's bride.

Hail, Royal Pair! by heav'n deſign'd
To govern, and to bleſs mankind.
Long o'er Britannia's grateful plain
Extend the bleſſings of your reign,
Thrice happy Pair, by heav'n deſign'd
To govern, and to bleſs mankind;
May future times with rapture trace
Your virtues blooming in your race:
While they, like you, the regal ſcepter ſway;
Like us, may Britain's free-born ſons obey.

W. Pooley A.B.
of Oriel College.

EPITHALAMIA

Carmen Cambro-Britannicum.

CLOWCH y Clych yn entrych nen,
Ar Canans mawr ei cynnen!
Clowch ſain! clowch accain ecco,
Clod i wen feinwen a fo!
Am Gambria hyna i hiaith,
Am Fro Cwynedd, frigein-waith,
(Rhêd y ſwn, fel Rhôd, îs îs)
Coed 'rodre Cader Idrîs
Miloedd, oi th'lyoedd a thant
Ar filoedd 'or foleddant.
Hêd, o fwynedd Hâd Venwys,
Na chwyn 'ran gwaith, na chwaith chwys;
Hêd i Albion dirion Dîr
At gaer 'Gwr gorau'gerir,
Na throſa nes rhoi tra-ſerch,
Yn ei Fron ir inion Ferch,
Cyn i Hymen gymmen gain
I glymmu ſo ai Glommain.
Hwtt! fyrddiwn 'eiriau 'n fawrddrwg,
Hwtt! Drawſder egr ei wg
Odiwrth Siôr, wiw Bor y Byd,
Sy yn 'Naliad ei 'Nwylyd.
Rho heppil dieiddil da
Jw Geinwen, fel iw gynna,
Rho Dwyſog luoſog 'lu,
(Gorau gem ir gwir Gymru)
Jw gadw ſo ai gydwedd,
Fel Dau y gâr hygâr hedd:
Rho fendith, fel gwlith yn glau,
Ir bronydd, or wybrennau:
Jw rhan, Dad rhieni, dod
Newyddfyd yn aneddfod.

Rowland Owen of Jeſus College.

Ad SPONSAM.

O Sponſa, ſpes ſecunda regiæ domûs,
Quam ſoſpitem cum GEORGIUS
Ad ſe recepit, ſenſit illicò ſibi
Adeſſe dimidium ſui,
Parata ſume gaudia, & ritus novos,
Quos lætus Hymen obtulit,
Materque diſce, o Sponſa, mox vocarier;
Nam virgo non vocaberis.
Non jam decebit veſperi ad ſilentium
Furtiva obambulatio
Campo in virenti; garruli aut ad fluminis
Ripam vagatio devia,
Quà murmuranti mixtus undarum ſono
Concentus aligerûm brevis
Siſtit vagantem, ſuaviterque identidem
Suadet repentinas moras:
Aſſuetus haud jam ludus inter virgines,
Lecti jugalis inſcias.
Te ſolus optat GEORGIUS ſolam tuus,
Vacatque nunc amoribus:
Parata ſume gaudia, & ritus novos,
Nec tu vacare reſpuas.
Non ſola poſthac prata per ſalubria
Reptabis, aut denſum nemus;
Comes ſequetur ſponſus, & pueri ſimul
Comites ſequentur parvuli.
Quam dulce te captabit olim gaudium:
Detonſa dum per gramina
Hinc inde curſitat puellulûm cohors,
Vultu parentes exhibens,
Vultu parentes, & parentes moribus!
Gaudebis, & pariter tuum

Capiet maritum conſcia oblectatio.
Gaudebis, & certamini
Infantili miſceberis; nec abnuet
Tali intereſſe luſui
(Nam ſic & olim luſit ipſe) GEORGIUS.
O tanta ſume gaudia,
Materque tandem diſce jam vocarier:
Nam virgo non vocaberis.

Joannes Davie Coll. Trin.
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

Θερεος φανεντος ηδη,
Καπυρης τε γην οϊσους
Επι Σειριν βαλοντος·
Σκιερην παρ' αλσος ειην,
Ινα καυματ' εκφυγοιμι.
Μονον ωδε μεν καθιζονθ'
Υπο δενδρον υμεν' ειδον·
Το δε καλλος ερρ' αφαντον·
Φλογα λυχνος ουκ εθ' ηκε
Καθαρωτατην αμαυρης·
Στεφος αυθ' εχειθ'· παν δε
Λελυτ' ανθος εκμαραναθεν.
Τιδ', εφην, αχος σ' ικανει;
Τι σκοτος σκεπει παρειας;
Τοτ' εμοιγ' αμειβεθ' υμην·
Ξενε, θαυμασης συ μηδεν·
Θεος ουκ ετ' ειμι· ναον
Ιδε, τον χαμαι πεσοντα·
Επι βωμον ου γαρ οσμη,
Παρος ωσπερ, ηδεως πνει.
Αγ', εφην, μεν, ω ανασσα
Δρεπε τον κλαδον θαλοντα·

Στεφανοισιν

OXONIENSIA.

Στεφανοισιν αμφι δαφνης
Καρᾳ βαλλε του Γεωργιου·
Ταχυ δ' ιερης σεβοντων
Ο πολυς παρ' οχλος εσαι·
Το χλεος σον ηδ' εφυμνων
Βρεττονων γενος λυειται.

Joannes Foley
Coll: Æn. Naſ. Commenſalis.

DUM patriis egreſſa oris, laribuſque relictis,
Navigio celeri GEORGÎ nova Nupta marinam
Planitiem ſulcat, circùm ſalit undique cymbâ
Virgineus labente chorus, manibuſque carinam
Impellunt per ſaxa; favet Neptunus eunti.
Tum ſic orſa loqui, puppim quæ prima regebat,
Cymodoce; "I, fauſto quà te vocat omine ſponſus,
Sponſa comes; populo ſumas plaudente Britanni
Imperii partem: te GEORGIUS ipſe vocavit
Conſortem thalami: te namque ex pluribus unam
Optavit, tanto ſolam te nomine dignam.
Jamque, tui impatiens adventûs, litora verſùs
Reſpicit, & tacitis oculos ad ſidera votis
Erigit, increpitatque moras atque invida fata.
Splendida quinetiam juvenum te ritè corona,
Nympharumque cohors, arrectis cordibus uſque
Expectat, poſcitque deos in vota, tuoque
Læta miniſterio ventis gratatur amicis.
At priùs ad Britonum quàm te deducat ad oras
Fida ratis, populoſque novos in jura capeſſas,
Hæc cape dicta memor: Non illis claſſica terris
Jam Bellona ciet, non jam civilis Enyo
Incultos devaſtat agros; nec, fertilis hydra,
Exitio vexat miſeros diſcordia cives.
Solus ibi regnat (donec te ceperit alti

Participem ſolii) Juvenis, concredita noſtri
Cui ditio eſt pelagi, & ſeros regnabit in annos.
Non Ille abreptus ſtudio cæcoque favore
Erigit indignos, aut dignos deprimit: Illum
Nec nimii imperii verſat maleſana libido,
Neve auri perdira fames, teterrima peſtis:
Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immenſa cupido.
Quin agito, & tanti rivalem diſcat amoris
Te ſolam populus ſentire; interque triumphos
Gaudentûm innumeros, da dextræ jungere dextram
Felici ſponſo; da, caſti pignora amoris,
Oſculaque amplexuſque; & ſponſa aſſueſce vocari."
Dixerat, & niſu puppim acceleravit; at illa,
Delapſa in portum, patrio ſe litore ſiſtit.

Joannes Cuſſans Coll. Trin.
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

'TIS not the gaudy pageantry of ſtate,
The pomp of regal grandeur, that ſecures
The peaceful harmony of nuptial ties.
Where virtue meets with virtue, love with love,
Where perfect friendſhip with ſincere eſteem
By ſocial confidence cemented dwells,
There joys unruffled bleſs the genial bed.
This Heav'n well weighs; and provident unites
In mutual faith the royal pair, and blends
What's good, what's lovely, in one ſacred knot.
Hail, heaven-favour'd Pair! who now declines
The feſtive lay? what bard delays to bring
The grateful off'ring of an humble verſe
To virtue's honour'd ſhrine? Ev'n Cambria aims
(Tho' flow'rets, ſuch as chequer Anglia's vales,
Paint not her winding meads, and ſloping hills)
To cull a chaplet for CHARLOTTA'S brows;

While

While to her praiſe each Britiſh lyriſt tunes
The mellow-ſounding harp (nor welcomer
Occaſion call'd, when whilom Edward's queen
Grac'd and inſpired her more ſimple ſtrains)
"Still, let each ſun-burnt princeſs of the eaſt,
Deck'd with the ſpoils of India's golden mines,
The lawleſs tyrant's ſavage love engage
With borrow'd beauty: while CHARLOTTA ſhines
In excellence which nature gives: while GEORGE
Enjoys a bliſs which innocence refines
Beyond the reach of art, beyond the wiſh
Of eaſtern Kings. 'Tis not what ſportive bards
In fancy form, or tell in fabled ſong,
Of matchleſs ſhape, and love-enlivening look,
Of well-ſet luring features, that demands
Alone th' endearments of enraptur'd GEORGE:
But faireſt beauties of CHARLOTTA's mind,
Which mock the poet's toil." — Cambria perceives
The taſk unequal, and unſtrings her lyre.
While peals of ſhouts proclaim a gen'ral joy
O'er all her ſhores, and liſt'ning echo leads
The acclamations loud from rill to rill,
'Till blithe Sabrina wafts with duteous haſte
The gladſome ſounds to Anglia's bliſsful plains.

Edward Thomas
Scholar of Jeſus College.

RIchmonda, campis fertilis patentibus,
Puroque felix æthere,
Immenſa quà nunc prata, nunc ſylvæ decor,
Longúmque porrectum nemus,
Subjecta nunc internitentis rivuli
Sinuoſa planities, capit

Scenam intuentes hoſpites amabilem;
Dulces & extorquet moras;
Feliciora quæ vireſcunt uſpiam
Tuis receſſibus loca?
Quos GEORGIUS ſibi proprios præſentior
Dicavit, auſpiciis bonis;
Tuâ ſub umbrâ mox beaturus novam
Sermone Nuptam blandulo.
Videre jamjam videor, ut manum manu
Uterque mutuò fovet;
Herbâque molli aut implicato brachio
Conjunctus, ad ſedilia
Se grata vertit; fluminiſve obambulans
Greſſu ſilenti marginem,
Miratur, infrà, vortices argenteos,
Jucunda carpens otia.
Nec ceſſat interim ſuis frequentia
Miſcere dictis oſcula
Sponſus beatus, vota nec jugalia
Firmare, rapto pignore
Alterni amoris: Illa ſe modeſtiùs
Rapere occupanti conjugi
Permittit anceps, ſed nec invitam capi.
O dulce regibus ſolum,
Et nuptialis conſcium concordiæ!
Dum tu virenti germine
Denſâve lætos fronde veſties agros,
En poſthabebit GEORGIUS
Tuis vel hortos fertiles Hantoniæ,
Saltuſve Vindeſorios,
Ipſo Edvoardo gloriantes hoſpite.
Nec pulchriores alteras
Quæret latebras conjugalis inclyta
CAROLETTA conſilii ſequax;
At, uſque veſtris occupata gratiis,
Se munera ad domeſtica

Finget,

OXONIENSIA.

Finget, futuræ prolis haud rarò memor,
Sibi quam frequentem proſpicit
Formoſa ſponſum Nupta deliciis habens,
Sponſi ipſa deliciæ pares.

Thomas Foley Coll. Magd.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis.

NOW Heſperus rode the evening ſky,
And from his radiant orb of heav'n-born light
Advanc'd in haſte to grace the nuptial rite
With new-trimm'd lamp, and mildly-beaming eye.
The ſhepherds kenn'd his gladſome ray
Above the topmoſt hill; and all the rural throng
Tun'd to ſweet ſtop th' Arcadian ſong;
As with rich harveſt's golden ſpoils
Array'd, the trophies of their toils,
They homeward bent their ſteps, and chear'd their weary way.

Then liſten'd in its prone career
Each ſtar, ſuſpenſe, to muſic's rapturous ſtrain;
The queen of heaven ſhone ſmiling on the plain,
And ſeem'd to tarry in her ſilver ſphere.
The vales reſponſive rung around;
The whiſpering gales on ocean's ſilent breaſt
Lay huſh'd, and ſoftly ſunk to reſt;
To joy all nature 'gan to yield,
Laughing in hill or fruitful field;
And old Night held his car, in pleaſing fetters bound.

Along the boſom of the trembling air
Swift ſail'd the deſcant of the bridal lay;
And every world of light ſhew'd ſparkling gay
To greet the Royal Pair.

Such ſpouſal ſung the wildly-warbling ſwains,
What time as CHARLOTTE firſt was ſeen to pour
On GEORGE, on Britain's longing ſhore,
A chearing beam of hope, and bleſs'd theſe ſmiling plains.

"Come, meek-ey'd maid, by bluſhing beauty led,
By youthful charms, and ſoft deſire,
By native virtue's pureſt fire,
Come, and grace a Monarch's bed.
Let ſpicy odours round it ſpring,
And wanton play with downy wing:
And all ye conſtellations guide
The happy hour thro' time's long-rolling round;
In ſmootheſt tenor let it gently glide
Along its courſe, with choiceſt bleſſings crown'd.

Riſe, Autumn, clad in all thy gorgeous pride,
Gay offspring of the rolling year,
In robe of richeſt woof appear,
And hail the blooming bride.
Already waves the glowing grain
Matur'd on every ſun-burnt plain;
And Plenty from her flowing horn
On Albion all her fragrant treaſures pours:
Go then, with pious wreath her brow adorn,
Nought envious of thy balmy breathing ſtores.

And Sirius, baleful ſtar,
Do thou reſtrain thy peſtilential power,
And teach thy venom'd ſhafts to ſpare
The hymenæal bower.
Nor let a breath empierce the ſacred ſcene,
Save ſuch as, ſprung from Æther's lap ſerene,
May wander round the royal Dame,
Or hovering o'er her head
From dewy pinions kindly influence ſhed
On Hymen's holy rite, and fan the virtuous flame."

Dodington Hunt Comm. of Braſenoſe Coll.

"HOW bleſt the ſouls, their God who fear,
His pow'r confeſs, his law revere!
O well art Thou! ordain'd to ſhare
Thy Maker's ever-conſtant care.
Thou privileg'd from want ſhalt ſtand,
And eat the labour of thy hand.
The object of thy wedded love
Prolific as the vine ſhall prove,
Whoſe foliage, o'er thy walls diſplay'd,
Spreads wide its amicable ſhade;
While, as the olive-branches fair,
Around thy board thy infant care
Shall croud, and bid thy heart o'erflow
With joys that only parents know.
Such bleſſings, Lord, thy hands provide
For each who makes thy fear his guide!
Hail, favour'd Man! From Sion's tow'r
Thy God on Thee his gifts ſhall ſhow'r:
Thou thankful to thy lateſt day
Shalt Salem's happieſt ſtate ſurvey;
With lengthen'd joy thy aged eyes
Shall ſee thy children's children riſe,
And peace her healing wings expand
O'er Judah's heav'n-diſtinguiſh'd land."
In notes like theſe the Prophet's tongue
Form'd to the Hebrew harp his ſong,
(That harp, whoſe hymns employ my toil,
Mean copyiſt; and, if awhile
Terreſtrial themes my voice require,
To hallow'd mirth reſtrain my lyre,)
In notes like theſe, o GEORGE, declar'd
The bleſſings for thy head prepar'd,
While Him thy thankful mind adores,
Whoſe eye the breaſt of kings explores,

While, ſeated on thy regal throne,
In Him thy greater thou ſhalt own,
With ſtedfaſt hope on Him depend,
Him chuſe thy Guide, thy Way, thy End.
  While Iſis, 'midſt her vocal plains,
(Thy name the ſubject of her ſtrains,)
And honour'd Cam's fraternal tide,
Their ſhares of harmony divide,
And from their many-languag'd band
The tributary ſong demand,
O let not flatt'ry taint our ſtyle,
Or diſcipline our lips to guile;
But let the verſe, that builds thy praiſe,
On Truth's firm baſe the ſtructure raiſe.
Yet ſhall the grateful lines impart
The tranſports of our glowing heart,
The hope, whoſe ſcenes each boſom ſwell,
While on the pleaſing theme we dwell,
And in thy riſing beams ſurvey
The earneſt of thy glorious day.
  How have our eyes exulting view'd
Thy youth to virtue's rein ſubdu'd;
Thy filial love; thy patriot zeal,
That ceaſeleſs burns for Britain's weal;
Thy manly thought, by arts refin'd;
Thy wiſe ſimplicity of mind;
The heart with pity taught to glow,
That bids thee feel another's woe,
Touch'd by that Pow'r, whoſe ſtrong controul
From pride of pomp ſhall guard thy ſoul,
While deep within its inmoſt frame
Devotion wakes her ſteady flame.
Offspring of good ERNESTUS' line!
Still to thy growing taſk incline
Thy thought; in ev'ry virtuous deed
Advancing ſtill, Thyſelf exceed;

And may thy life's perpetual round
With each domeſtic bliſs be crown'd.
  May She, whom Fame's approving voice
Firſt fix'd the object of thy choice,
In union's happieſt bands ally'd,
Thy joys improve, thy cares divide:
Charm'd with her worth, may Britain ſmile,
And bid the daughters of her iſle
In Her the fair example ſee
Preſented to its ſons by Thee.
And when (but be it late!) thy head,
Low to the duſt of death convey'd,
Has ſhar'd the univerſal doom,
And o'er thee Virtue builds the tomb,
May future times the bleſſing trace
Intail'd on thy diſtinguiſh'd race,
And ſee thy ſons to Fame's record
New themes of laſting praiſe afford,
While faireſt in the volume ſhine
His acts, who beſt ſhall copy thine.
  Nor thou, white-veſtur'd Peace, diſdain
To grace this mild auſpicious reign:
Thy abſence Britain's ſons deplore;
O bleſs with quick return her ſhore:
So, fearleſs, to th' inviting gales
Shall Commerce ſpread her thouſand ſails;
The ſword, too long employ'd to ſtain
With chriſtian gore the bluſhing plain,
Now form'd anew, with better aim
Shall toil, the ſtubborn glebe to tame;
And, while beneath the fav'ring ſkies
In crouded ranks the harveſts riſe,
The laughing vale aſſume a tongue,
And burſt triumphant into ſong.

James Merrick A. M.
Fellow of Trinity Coll.

EPITHALAMIA

Στροφη α'.

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΙ αρχεσιμολπου,
Αἱ, ϖανοδυρτοι ανδονες ὡς,
Εν χλωραις ποτε βαασαις
Δενδεχομων ορεων μιμνειζετε,
Των Βρετονων χαεσα συνοδυρομεναι
Δακρυοεων ναματων κελαδημασι,
Βαρυοπων τε δρυων γοοις,
Νυν Λυδιαν λυρην ελελιζομεναι
Αγησιχορον, ποικιλοθρονον,
Αυλων τ' ἐπταγλωσσων
Ταν βοαν αειρομεναι λιγειαν,
Συμμιξατε πρεποντως
Συν μουσικης αωτῳ,
Επεων χαριν γ' ευωδη,
Υμνον κλεινοτατοις γαμοις.

Αντιστροφη α'.

Ω Θαμεσ' αργυροδινες
(Ον ϖαλαι Ωκεανῳ πολιῳ
Υιον πρωτογενειον
Αμφιρυτος τεκε νασος επηρατος)
Θυγατερων χορον επινυμφιδιον
Ισαδι χλωροκομων, ποσιν αργυροις
Κοφα βιβαντ' επι οιδμασιν·
Οξυτερῳ τε κυματ' αιωρομενον
Οτρυνε πολυσκαρθμον οχημα
Τας νυμφας ευλεκτρους·
Α γε Τευτονων αειζαλος ασηρ
Νυν σοις φλεγε Βρεταννοις
Παμφεγγες ομμα, των ϖαρ
Εξοχον φαων φαινεντων
Σων ϑωκων επι ναυλοχων.

Επωδος

Επωδος α'.

Ιδες πωποτε χρυσεαν ακτινα
Τυδοριδου βασιλιοσας
Σων απο ῥεεθρων μολȣσαν.
Συν αυτῃ δ' ανατελλον
Αρης ὁ βροτολοιγος,
Και πτολιπορθος Ενυω,
Και Νικη φοινικοπτερος,
Και χρυσανιος Ελευθερια·
Η δ', ὡς Παλλας Αθανα
Ανδρων επιπωλȣμενη στιχας,
Παρθενικῳ ενι κυδει
Μεγα σεμνυνετο· αμφι δ' εποντο
Θυμος αταρβητος και ἁ Βȣλη πολυμητις.

Στροφη β'.

Τῃ δε νεανικαν ακμαν
Ποσις ȣτις ετιμα,
Ουδ' ετι τα θρεπτηρια παιδων
Γηρας εθαλπεν αφιλον·
Αλλα γ' αλεκτρος τ' ανυμεναιος τ'
Εμολεν, εμολεν
Τȣ Θανατȣ μελαντειχεα δωματ' εις,
Ουδ' ελιπεν πολυωνυμων
Αρετων ȣδε πατρωιας
Κληρονομον βασιλειας.
Αιων δ' ηγαγε μορσιμος
Ταν νασιωτιν επ' εδραν
Τῃ ῥα μεν ȣκ ανομοιαν,
Ουδ' αρετων γε μειων κλεος
Θηλυτεραων ελαμπεν.

Αντιστροφη β'.

Αμβροσια δ' ἑοις ὠμοις
Βλεφαροισιν εφιζει,
Και αω Ερως ναιοντι κομη Αιδως
Φοινικοεντα παρηια,
Γλωσσα δ' αει πειθους μελι χευει
Ροδα τε σοφιας,
Και επι χειλεων νεκταρεας θυλακας
Σωφροσυνη κατ' αρ' ἑζεται·
Ακολουθουσι και αθροαι
Αι Χαριτες χαροποιαι,
Και γλαυκωπιδες Ηδοναι,
Κυπρις τ' αει φιλομειδης,
Ομμασιν αιδομενης και
Παρθενιας ερυθημα, και
Απτολεμος θειος Υμην.

Επωδος β'.

Ακοιτις δ' επες' ανθεμος, σιλβων τε
Καλλεϊ, και νεοτητ'· ὡς
Εμπλεος Αρης κυδεος και
Νικης, χειρ' ασιδηρον
Επεκλινε χορευων
Ιμερθεσσ' Αφροδιτᾳ·
Η γ', ὡς λευκωλενου θεας
Ηρας Ζευς λεχεα νυμφιδια
Αιτων· θαλαμων δ' εκ
Βλαστει γενος ασβεσον, αφθιτον,
Καρτεροχειρι μεν Αρει
Αταλαντον μεγαλ' εργα, και Ηβῃ
Αθανατῃ ισον, καλλος, και αμωμονα μορφαν.

Guilielmus Scott
C. C. C. Discip.

OXONIENSIA.

To the QUEEN.

"BReathe ſoft, ye winds; to more than ſummer ſleep
With gentle murmurs lull the level deep!
And thou, fair conſort of the wat'ry reign,
Skim in thy pearly car the liquid plain,
Where Panope's ſleek train exulting hail
Imperial Charlotte's hymeneal ſail!
And wide aloof, while o'er the briny tide
The princely eagle woos his peerleſs bride,
Bid famiſh'd Gallia ſtrike her flying prey."

Such were the vows, which all the live-long day
From ſea-girt Albion's cliffs aſſail'd the ear
Of ocean's queen, while hope and dubious fear
Stung eager Expectation, till afar
The regal barge like autumn's blazing ſtar
Flaſh'd in the dim horiſon: witneſs then
The pealing joy, which hail'd the diſtant ken
Of Charlotte's bark, how dear a freight the tide
Was wafting to Britannia's chalky ſide.

Hail, blooming Queen! — O! blameleſs be the Muſe,
Whoſe duteous zeal with early incenſe ſues
To calm the heavings of the ſilent ſigh,
And wipe the filial ſorrows from your eye.
With ſad regret ſhe views the recent buſt,
And wets with pious drops the ſacred duſt.
Ill-fated parent! ſoon alaſs ſhe dy'd,
Nor knew a partial mother's fondeſt pride,
To trim for you blythe Hymen's torch, and wed
Your virgin beauties to Britannia's bed. —
Around her urn may deathleſs honours bloom,
And angels chaunt their requiems o'er her tomb. —
Yet baniſh from your brow, illuſtrious Fair,
Griefs which muſt prove your lord's divided care.
See! Britain's youthful Monarch woos your ſmile,
And gives you half the glories of his iſle.

United in his conſtant boſom prove
The blended ſources of domeſtic love,
While the ſtrong ardours of a huſband's breaſt
In Hymen's genial flame abſorb the reſt.
Behold the princely youths that crowd your ſide,
(Not ſuch fam'd Niobe's prolific pride,)
By great AUGUSTA led to hail your throne,
And in a brother's joys avow their own.
See creſted England's wreathed chiefs bow down,
And pledge reſiſtleſs valour to your crown;
While o'er the whitening main the weſtern wind
Pours at your feet the wealth of fartheſt Ind.
Thus when, deſerted on the naked bay,
Pale Ariadne view'd the ſhipleſs ſea,
While rage, and love, and fear's diſcordant pain
With deſp'rate phrenſy rack'd her ſick'ning brain,
Floating in air Idalia's empreſs rode,
And o'er the ſtrand led Nyſa's blooming god;
In love's ſoft guiſe he hail'd the weeping Fair,
And ſooth'd with ardent vows her loud deſpair,
Till pleas'd ſh' aſcended an immortal throne,
And round her brow heaven's ſtarry diadem ſhone.

Robert Freind B. A. Student of Chriſt-Church.

ITE, ingens quo ducit honos, dilecta Britannis
Nomina, dicebam lætus, quo tempore ſacris
Viſus adeſſe choris diademate cinctus avito
GEORGIUS, et feſto reſonabant compita plauſu.
Pergite felices ambo, ſi maxima ſceptri
Gloria, ſi quid noſtra fides, et vota valebunt,
Sinceræ voces, et neſcia fallere corda.
Felices ambo, ſi quid concordia demùm
Conjugialis habet jucundi, et mutuus ardor.
Accipe clamores lætos, pia pignora fidi

Pectoris,

Pectoris, et cives ne dedigneris ovantes
Illustris Regina! Tibi licèt, edita priscis
Principibus, titulos possis numerare paternos
Unde decus referas, virtus tua sola coronam
Addidit Angliacam, Regique adjunxit amanti.
Luceat hìc eadem virtus; quo tristis amore
Flevisti patriam, nostra hæc feliciùs arva
Respicias: Tibi dona parat læta Anglia, et omnes
Fundit opes spes illa novas, proprioraque profert
Munera, dilecti solatia longa mariti.
O liceat sperare diem, modò ritè secundet
Alma pias Lucina preces, cum regia conjux
Facta parens, pulchro regem donarit Julo,
Venturumque Deum patriis ostenderit arvis.
Hoc demùm Angliacæ complebit gaudia terræ,
Hoc patris ingentes poterit lenire labores,
Imperiique levabit onus, dum filius îsdem
Gestiat ire viis, solio haud indignus avito.
Maxime Rex, quem læta suam colit Anglia prolem,
Quem populi tutatur amor, quem conscia virtus,
Ne metue adversas gentes; Te fida tuorum
Corda timere vetant vel quicquid perfidus hostis
Fraude malâ poterit, vel apertis auferit armis.
Hactenus eximios sol vidit uterque triumphos:
Hinc atque hinc surgunt Britonum victricia signa
Per mare, per terras; sua dum dolet undique capta
Oppida, et eversas deplorat Gallia classes.
Jam vocet auxilium demens, petat arma propinqua,
Et conjurati veniant in prœlia Iberi.
Tu tamen, ô Princeps, nostro confisus amore,
Immotus maneas; tu fortiter omnibus obsta
Hostibus, atque novas nova per certamina laurus
Certâ carpe manu, donec defessa peribit
Invidia, atque suæ faciet Deus otia terræ.

Abel Moyſey Ædis Christi Alumnus.

EPITHALAMIA

To the Princess MATILDA.

FAIR Princeſs, to thy wond'ring eyes
While ſcenes of ſplendid triumphs riſe;
While glittering pomp with rays combin'd
Dazzles thy unexperienc'd mind;
Say, ſhall the Muſe, whoſe loyal voice
Enraptur'd hails thy Brother's choice,
With haughty ſtep and air uncouth
Neglectful ſlight thy blameleſs youth;
Nor, conſcious of thy riſing fame,
Matilda's blend with Charlotte's name?
Fair Princeſs, never did thy Sire
Hear thee, when, like the warbling lyre,
Thy infant tongue with magic ſound
Inſtill'd a charm in all around.
Matilda, never didſt thou ſee
A ſire, on gently-waving knee,
From this to that, from that to this,
Sway thee alert, and ſnatch a kiſs:
Then try in order due to range
Thy half-form'd words, thy accents ſtrange.
Yet, tho' too haſty Fate remov'd
From Albion's hopes the Prince belov'd,
Nor gave thee, blooming Nymph, to ſhare
The ſweets of fond paternal care,
Yet has Auguſta, good and kind,
With gradual charms improv'd thy mind;
While George, well-ſkill'd in virtuous lore,
Shews thee what Frederick was before.
See George, of matchleſs worth confeſs'd,
With youth, with health, with virtue bleſs'd,
For deeds of genuine praiſe renown'd,
With wiſdom fraught, with honour crown'd,

Intent

Intent on Albion's laſting weal,
By nuptial choice her bleſſings ſeal.
Whilſt, held in Hymen's pleaſing chain,
To love he yields the Monarch's rein,
And kiſſing oft thoſe ſilken bands
That knit fond hearts with willing hands,
Enjoys the ſweets of mutual vows,
Meet conſort of ſo fair a Spouſe.
  See CHARLOTTE, deck'd with every art,
Each native charm that wins the heart;
With every mental grace endow'd
By Heaven's unſparing hand beſtow'd;
Of placid look, and princely mien;
GEORGE's mate, and Britain's queen.
Well-pleas'd to make a nation bleſt,
Hither ſhe flies — a welcome gueſt.
See, while in holy wedlock bound
She ſcatters bleſſings all around,
And chears with ſmiles a grateful land,
To GEORGE reſign'd, and her command,
Whom worth, congenial with his own,
Deſtines to ſhare a Britiſh throne.
  Fair picture of a Mother fair,
Young, and blythe, and debonnair,
While thus I ſing, O, deign to hear.
"Soon as each quick-revolving year
Shall add freſh beauties to thy charms;
Tho' ſtranger now to love's alarms,
Some youthful prince ſhall then perſuade
Thy heart with vows ſincerely made;
Shall captivate with proferr'd bliſs
Thy yielding mind, and make thee his.
Then too with one united voice
Shall Britons in your fates rejoice,
The Muſes then ſhall catch the theme,
And gratulate thy bliſs ſupreme:

Shall hail thy choice, while in His mind
The ſemblance of a GEORGE they find;
Shall hail Thyſelf, well-pleas'd to view
A CHARLOTTE copied fair in You."

Charles Vere Daſhwood
Gent. Com. of St. Mary's Hall.

O præter omnes, falſa Neptuni vada
Quas tranſilire tardus haud vetuit timor,
Beata Navis; ipſa te comantium
Regina ſylvarum educavit arborem,
Manuque fovit uſque ſedulâ, ſibi
Gratum a labore fervido ſolatium.
Nec, cùm revulſa patriis primùm jugis
Fluctus inibas, priſtinum ſtudium Dea
Remiſit, hâc affata voce blandulâ
Fratres gemellos, cura navigantium
Cui ſorte Divûm contigit: Navem hanc, ait,
Fauſtâ intuentes luce, per magni æquoris
Servate fluctus; ſive opus latentia
Per ſaxa gnavitèr periculoſum iter
Secare; ſive roſtra quà letho tonant;
Præſtate curſus, Dii gemelli, proſperos.
Haud Gallicanas vindicatum per mare
Ducens triremes navis, haud ab ultimo
Onuſta Gange, vota tantùm fervida
Britanniarum per cavos ciet ſpecus,
Quantùm hæc reportans parva cortex GEORGIO
Fidos amores, intimumque gaudium.
Præſtate curſus, Dii gemelli, proſperos.

Andreas Downes A. B.
Æd. Chriſti Sup. Ord. Com.
Roberti Epiſcopi Rapotenſis
Filius natu maximus.

OXONIENSIA.

I. 1.

YE Dryads blythe, ye ſylvan Powers,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the ozier bowers,
And all ye ſedge-crown'd Naiad throng,
That ſportive rove the broider'd meads,
Where fair-meandering Iſis leads
The ſilver current of her tide along;
Deck'd in your robes of pureſt green advance,
And to my ruſtic ſtrains in defteſt meaſures dance.

I. 2.

Refuſe not now, ye fairy train,
To ſhake with nimble feet the plain,
And liſten to my lays, though rude:
No trivial theme, I ween, demands
That thus your ſimple ſhepherd's hands
Should frame this homely pipe of Dorian mood:
Hymen commands that you the dance ſhould lead,
And I, in Hymen's cauſe, attune mine oaten reed.

I. 3.

Ye Shepherds haſte from hill or grove,
If e'er ye bleſs'd Pan's gentle ſway;
Warm'd with the zeal of duteous love,
Here all your votive offerings pay.
Awake! — The genial morn appears
In all Aurora's radiance dreſt;
Dun night moves gradual from the weſt,
And faintly gleam the fading ſtars. —
Awake, ye ſwains, from ſleep impatient ſpring,
To greet the nuptial feaſt, and hail your Shepherd-King.

II. 1.

A lovelier Nymph than ever croſt
Arcadian lawn, or e'er did boaſt
Her origin from race divine;
Deſtin'd to ſhare a nobler fate,
By virtue form'd to rule a ſtate,
And deal out bleſſings endleſs as her line; —
This happy morn, a Nymph of peerleſs charms
Has righteous Heaven decreed, to bleſs our Monarch's arms.

II. 2.

She comes; ſhe leads a virgin choir,
Each in her hand ſuſtains a lyre:
And now they rouſe th' ecſtatic ſtrains:
The ſymphony approaches near,
Prophetic warblings meet mine ear;
While "Bounteous Heaven, they raptur'd ſing, ordains
Joys to deſcend on ages yet unborn,
And dove-ey'd Peace to ſmile, and Plenty pour her horn.

II. 3.

And when, the taſk of virtue done,
The Royal Pair their earthly ſway
Shall leave, to ſhare another throne
High rear'd beyond th' ethereal way;
Theſe vales may weep, but not deſpair:
How will they glory, when they trace
The Parent's ſemblance in their race,
Great as the Sire; and, as the Mother, fair; —
Born to defend our fanes, our rights, our laws,
To ward each hoſtile ſtroke, and act in Freedom's cauſe!"

Robert Richardſon B. A.
Taberdar of Queen's College.

OXONIENSIA.

WHilſt Britiſh bulwarks o'er the ſubject tide
In regal majeſty triumphant ride;
Fierce from whoſe ports vindictive bolts are hurl'd
To tame the foe, and right an injur'd world:
While all the ſpoils that either Ind can boaſt
Are pour'd each day on Albion's bliſsful coaſt:
What harmony, by grateful ſong expreſt,
Pants in each heart, and glows in every breaſt!
While mid victorious arms domeſtic eaſe
Conveys the bleſſings of long-exil'd peace;
And GEORGE, who moſt for Albion's welfare feels,
With wedlock's holy ties thoſe bleſſings ſeals!
Go then, thou rude untutor'd Muſe, and dare
With honeſt warmth to greet the royal Pair.
And firſt, great Prince, to Thee aſpires the ſong,
For firſt to Thee the votive lays belong:
Nor ſcorn the verſe that duteous would impart
The genuine dictates of a Britiſh heart,
A heart, which beating in its country's cauſe,
Joys to behold the liberty and laws
Of Albion happy, great, and good, and free,
Confirm'd, ſupported, and preſerv'd by Thee.
And next, fair Queen, where next the tribute's due,
In admiration turns the muſe to You;
Where liberal heav'n to bleſs our land has joyn'd
The lovelieſt perſon and the nobleſt mind;
Where every virtue, every grace is ſeen,
Fit to adorn the Mother and the Queen.
May future kings a GEORGE's ſteps purſue,
And learn, from him, to govern and ſubdue.
From you, fair Queen, may future queens ariſe,
And ſpread your virtues under diſtant ſkies.
So ſhall the world primeval joys regain,
And bleſs a GEORGE's and a CHARLOTTE's reign.

Edmund Gibſon Commoner of St. Edm. Hall.

EPITHALAMIA

To the KING.

HENCE the warm tear, by anguiſh taught to flow,
Hence the deep ſigh, proclaiming inward woe;
Hence ev'ry thought, by gladneſs not inſpir'd,
Hence ev'ry wiſh, which Hymen has not fir'd:
His rites I ſing, and Britain's halcyon days,
Themes of each muſe, of ev'ry tongue the praiſe.

Nor Thou, whoſe counſels mild ſhall wrap in peace
The madd'ning world, and bid the tempeſt ceaſe;
Whoſe awful thunders ſhake the fartheſt main,
Thou greateſt of mankind! the Muſe diſdain;
That Muſe, which taught me firſt the love of fame,
And bad me liſp thy ſire's long-honour'd name;
Which from my tongue the infant accents drew,
Unſkill'd in flatt'ry, for no guile I knew;
What time with joy o'erflow'd my father's breaſt,
When grateful he receiv'd the royal Gueſt.
Prince moſt rever'd! who knew with arts refin'd
To rule, protect, delight, and bleſs mankind!
And well accompliſh'd was his gen'rous aim,
Enough he gave to virtue and to fame;
When, from us torn by fate's ſevere decree,
He left his image to the world in Thee.

O early taught! you reign but to defend,
And give each ſubject in his prince a friend:
You bid wiſe Juſtice lift aloft her ſcales,
Suppreſs the whiſpers vile, the blaſting tales.
Fictitious names a vain diſtinction bring,
Who ſerves his country beſt, beſt ſerves his king.
Britons for both one wiſh, one paſſion feel:
Auſpicious union guards the public weal.

Hail! gracious Liege, by earth, by heav'n approv'd,
Hail! Charlotte, hail! a Monarch's beſt belov'd!

In

In Him we ſee the nobleſt virtues ſhine,
To match the honours of his boaſted line:
On Thee the Graces laviſh all their charms,
To make thee worthy of THE BRITON's arms.
All-hail ye bleſt! ye heav'n-united Pair!
The great, the good, the virtuous, and the fair.
O! while your days in unmix'd pleaſures flow,
While ſoft deſires with pureſt ardour glow;
Nations to bleſs, from Hymen's ſacred ties
Shall other GEORGES, other CHARLOTTES riſe.

Penyſton Powney
Gent. Comm. of Queen's College.

MAgne ventorum Pater, o precantem
Reſpice; et, frænans zephyros iniquos,
Nobili redde Angliacis ſuperbam
Merce carinam.
Annuit votis: ſtrepitus ovantum
Occupant aures; CAROLETTA cœlum
Verberat plauſu; reſonique montes
Nomine gaudent.
Advenit vultu renitens honeſto:
Quis decor formæ, nimis intuenti
Lubricus! Riſus, Veneres, Jocique
Mille ſequuntur.
Præfer intextas hederâ corollas,
Symbolum Sponſis, Hymenæe, gratum;
Præfer hortorum varios honores
Deliciaſque.
GEORGIO optati thalami parentur
Impera; et ritus properent jugales:
Affer huc tœdas, ſtabilique pacta
Omine fauſto.

Ordine en ritus peraguntur æquo!
Indico luxu radians, Cythera
Ut ſuo Marti placitura, prodit
Regia conjux.
Collo ut acclinis leviter reflexo
Inſpicit caſtis oculis maritum!
Dum Venus flammas teneras amantis
Pectore verſat.
Cernere hinc longos videor potentum
Ordines regum, ſimiles parenti;
Bellicos æquis placidè regentes
Legibus Anglos.

Thomas Royſe A. B.
Coll. Trin. Scholaris.

SWift o'er the ocean's vaſt domain
While Britain's lord extends his reign,
And bids his thunders roll;
While Conqueſt wings, at his command,
Her flight o'er many a diſtant land,
And viſits either pole:

Each day, each hour, while proſperous gales
With happieſt omens ſwell the ſails,
Which to our bliſsful ſhore
Waft all the wealth of earth and ſea;
Say, happy Iſle, what gift for thee
Has heaven yet left in ſtore?

A prince by every tongue approv'd,
A man by every heart belov'd,
With every virtue bleſt,
Inſpir'd in freedom's generous cauſe,
Aſſerts thy liberty and laws,
And reigns in every breaſt.

One

One favour more kind fate ſupply,
To ſwell the vaſt amount of joy;
And add to bleſſings paſt;
From the good hand of liberal heaven,
O, be a royal Conſort given,
To make thoſe bleſſings laſt!"

Thus ardent were our vows prefer'd, —
And lo! with favouring ear is heard
A people's fond requeſt:
Again our pious hopes ſucceed,
And CHARLOTTE is the nymph decreed
To make us wholly bleſt.

'Twas then the Power, who rules the main,
Quick o'er his wide-extended reign
Pronounc'd his high command;
While waves obſequious lent their aid,
And through oppoſing winds convey'd
The fair-one to our ſtrand.

Hail, CHARLOTTE, hail! in future time
I ſee from each remoteſt clime
The rage of battle ceaſe;
While graceful waves the olive wand
O'er every deſolated land,
To give the nations peace.

And many a prince the Muſe deſcries,
And many a maid ſhe ſees ariſe,
To crown Britannia's prayer:
O may they, in each grace complete,
As her own GEORGE, be good and great,
And, as her CHARLOTTE, fair!

So, welcoming the nuptial bed,
O'er all our joyful coaſts ſhall ſpread
One univerſal ſmile;
The boon while Britons to repay
On bended knee ſhall bleſs the day,
When CHARLOTTE bleſs'd our Iſle.

Myles Cooper M. A.
of Queen's College.

Carmen Cambro-Britannicum.

POB Dyn, pob telyn, pob tant — pob Organ
Pob Eurgerdd o foliant,
Yn addfwyn pob awenyddfant
Trwy'n Goror i Sior ŷ Sant.

Pob Miwſig diddig wedd addas — molant
A Miloedd trwy'r deyrnas
Prydain âr dydd priodas
Dau'n un o le gwreiddio Grâs.

Molwn ben brutwn o'n bro — diwrnod
Rhoir ŷ Deyrnas iddo
Coronog ŷ ceir ŷno
Llaw Duw fyth a llwyddo fo.

Fe fydd i'n Llwydd a'n llês — mewn perlan
A'n purlan Frenhines,
Yn Llundain ceir ŷ llawndes
Gan ddau Angel tawel tês.

Digwyn rheol a dwygaingc — fron heini
Frenhinol orſeddfaingc
Nefol flagur ŷn Jeuangc
Loes i ffroen Lewis o Ffraingc.

Clodforwn

OXONIENSIA.

Clodforwn canwn bob Cerdd — ŷn oleu
Jawn eiliwn gyſongerdd
Canwn ryw Briodgerdd
I'r diwrnod cyfnod Cerdd.

Diwrnod boed hedd Duw arno — i Brydain
Briodi'n ddigŷffro
Dau ddyn a geir i ddŷddio
Hyd henaint mewn Braint i'n Brô.

Brenhines ddŷnes ddiana — cowſon
Cŷſyr iw hon ŷma
Cangeneu frenhinbren hâ
Cŷwir o Lûn Caroleina.

Llawen winwydden eiddil — Bron heini
Brenhines, dau Canmil
Happus fyddo ei heppil
Grâs Duw Tâd iw hâd a'i hîl.

Edward Edwards
of All Souls College.

THE mitred Sage had now with reverence due,
And graceful pomp, the ſolemn rite prepar'd;
When, rapt in thought, acroſs th' illumin'd fane
Awhile he walk'd, and thus ſhort muſing fram'd.
"Not many circling ſuns have round the globe
Their journey run, ſince England's monarch paid
Firſt homage to our holy Church; when pois'd
In theſe my arms, and in the laver waſh'd
Of ſecond Birth, he made the pious vow.
And well our liege has of the covenant
His part perform'd, as thro' the ſlippery path
Of youth he walk'd, and ſteer'd his prudent way.
Now to our ſacred altar he repairs,
Nought deeming low of Heaven's own hallowed rite,

To ſeal his faith to yon illuſtrious maid,
Fit partner of his Royalty: and ſure
Ne'er met two gentler ſouls, in youthful grace,
In virtue brighter glowing. Hail, bleſt Pair!
And may your love from this imperial ſhrine
Catch the chaſte flame, and, with celeſtial fire
Enkindled, pure, as theſe fair tapers, burn:
So may it upwards riſe in trembling ſpires
Of heaven-fed light; till life's ſhort ſcene is paſt,
Vain ſhadow! and the bridal lamp diſſolv'd
In the full ſplendor of immortal day.
But when the morn ſhall riſe on Britain's hope,
Auſpicious beaming, which with fragrant oil
Confirms the regal claim; be mine to pour
The dewy odours on your blooming heads,
(So ancient cuſtom wills) and pay the debt
Of decent gratitude, — perhaps the laſt.
Enough for me, that, with obſequious zeal
Due tribute brought, I wreath my Sovereign's brow
With triple honours. For the reſt, o Heaven,
To thy great will I bow, and at thy call,
When quench'd in night this vital flame expires,
To earth in peace and holy hope return."

Houſtonne Ratcliffe
Scholar of Braſen Noſe College.

AD NAVEM.

I Nunc alite proſpero,
Nec curſum ulla tuum diſtineat mora:
Venti omnes ſileant tibi,
Somno ſtrata ſient æquora, et undique
Per regna Oceanus ferox
Deponat tumidas imperii minas.

Et

Et nil exagitet mare,
Ni quæ carbaſeos leniter impleat
Afflatu aura ſinus levi,
Ludit dum querulis dulcè ſuſurrulis.
Te circumſiliat cohors
Nympharum, atque alacri vaſta per æquora
Certatim obſequio ferens
Dextram cæruleo ſub duce remigem,
Te per mille pericula
Mille et per ſcopulos incolumem regat.
I quæſo, et peragas iter,
Pandens per liquidum vela fluentia.
Jam nunc mole ſuperbiens
Stas ſublimis, aquis tuta faventibus;
Intentiſque oculis ſtupet
Te turba, et precibus proſequitur piis.
Felix ſorte abeas nova,
Non quod terrifico munere fungeris
Martis, quodve tonitrua
Geſtas in gremio, telaque noxia;
Non quod litore in extero
Congeſtas Arabum divitias petis;
Sed quod ſponſa GEORGII
Tradenda alveolo eſt, merx pretioſior.
Cum ſalva appuleris redux
Oris Angliacis, virgineus chorus
Adventum excipiet ſonis
Vociſque et citharæ mollè fluentibus;
Proram et multa corollula
Fulgentem variis cinget honoribus.

Joannes Bromhall Wilbraham
Coll. Æn. Naſ. Commenſalis.

EPITHALAMIA

ΩΔΗ.

Δαιδας φερτε νυν, Ερωτες,
Τοξα νυν πυρπνοα·
Συν γαμηλιῳ τ᾽ αοιδῃ
Νυν παιζεσε, Παρθενοι.
Εσπερος σκοτῳ γαρ ηλθε
Τοις Ερωσι φιλτατον·
Νοστιαν πελεια δρυμῳ
Αιτεει ερασμιην.
Παν γενος γαρ᾽ ιχθυων τε
Ορνεων τε μεν σεβει
Χρυσοζωνον Αφροδιτην,
Τας φρενας δαμεν ποθῳ.
Δαιδας φερτε νυν, Ερωτες,
Τοξα νυν πυρπνοα.
Μητερ ελθε των Ερωτων
Ποτνι᾽, ελθε τηνδε γην,
Τρειτωνων τε, Ναιαδων τε
Σκιρτιωντι συν χορῳ,
Συν τ᾽ Ερωσι, νυν ανωθεν
Πταμενοισι, νυν κατω
Συμπαιστ᾽ αλος γαληνην
Κουφ᾽ ενι δρομῳ ποδοιν·
Τηνδε καμ᾽ συ πεμπε πομπης,
Αγλαοτειαν᾽ Ανα,
Χρυσεον φερουσαν ολβον
Γεωργιῳ συ σωζε ναυν.
Μητερ ελθε των Ερωτων
Ποτνι᾽, ελθε τηνδε γην.

Αρτεμις

Αρτεμις χ' ὁμως Αθην
Περσμολωσ' επῤῥοθοι,
Ιλεως γαρ ἡ μεν ειργει,
Κηρ & εκ μελαγχροης,
Τεις καλυμμη, τεκουσας·
Η δε παιδας εξαγει
Ανδρικον τ' εις θυμον, εις τε
Χρηστοτητα των τεθπων.
Δαιδας φερτε νυν, Ερωτες,
Φερτε στεμμα, καμ ῥοδους.
Αλλ' ιδε μεν ὡς ἱκεθην
Ταξει εν νυμφοστολῳ
Γηθεων βιηφ' ὁ Κυρος,
Μειδιωσα καμ Κορη.
Οψιν αμβροτος θεαινης
Παντοθ' αμφεπει χαρις,
Ευκυκλον μεν ὡσπερ αυγη
Πανσελινον αργυρη·
Σωματος δ' εν ευπρεπεια,
Φοιβος ὡς μεσημερος,
Λαμπει Γεωργιος· συ δ' ενδον
Νυν πεθαιν', ὑγιαμβος
Τοις ερυθειωσιν, Υμην,
Ευλαβεια κοσμιῳ.
Δαιδας σβεσθε νυν, Ερωτες,
Μη φθονωσ' Ολυμπιοι.

Ricardus Wooddeſon
Coll. Magd. Semicom.

EPITHALAMIA

AD HONORATISSIMUM JOANNEM COMITEM DE WESTMORLAND.

QUO Te, ſancte Senex, quem tot civilibus undis
Ereptum, atque aulæ nimiùm dominantis habenis,
Dii, nunquam immemores, ad publica gaudia ſervant,
Quo Te condigno compellet carmine Muſa?
Num tibi, laſcivi jactato flaminis aurâ,
Optatum hunc portum ſors tum ſpondebat iniqua?
Num tales, dubio greſſu properante ſenectâ,
Auſus eras ſperare dies; ut fervidus annis
Princeps, atque ipſo jam ridens flore juventæ,
(Cui pietas, et amor patriæ, rectique cupido,
Relligio, et virtus, et vera ſcientia cordi)
Poſt victam populi rabiem, et pugnantia ſecum
Vota hominum, firmo variantia pectora nodo
Jungeret; et, patriæ ne quid reſtaret habendum,
Aſſumptâ thalami conſorte, hæc tanta juberet
Gaudia firmari, et vinc'lo ſtabiliret eodem?
At mihi, cum nuper morbo obrepente doleret
Votaque pro veſtrâ offerret Rhedycina ſalute,
Aſtitit in ſomnis, veræ cui forma Sibyllæ,
Virgo, et fatidicâ fundebat talia voce:
"Tolle tuos fletus; veſtrum non antè patronum
Abripiet matura dies, quàm præmia priſcæ
Virtutis referat, tandemque receptus in aulam
Regalem, mores recolat ſecurus avitos;
Principis et plauſum meritus, patriæque, favori
Depreſſas nimiùm Muſas commendet herili.
Nec ſatis: ecce dies aderit, cum victa per orbem
Gallia, et, aſſuetis paulatim finibus exul,
Florenti ſecura dabit mox otia regi.
Tunc privata animum, quem publica commoda totum
Abſtulerant, dulci ſolamine cura tenebit;
Et gratâ novitate domeſtica gaudia carpet.

Fallor?

Fallor? an aſpicio peregrino ab litore Nympham,
Per maria, et terras, et ſaxa minantia vectam,
Adventu optato gentem exhilarare Britannam,
Votaque ſolicito firmare illuſtria ſponſo?
Tunc comes aſtabit veſter, Rhedycina, patronus,
Et ſacræ intererit pompæ; vegetuſque ſenectâ
Conjugibus præſens gratabitur, ordine juſto
Singula diſponens; veterum haud oblitus amorum:
Et nitidos inter juvenes, nymphaſque decentes,
Aut pede pulſabit terram, ludetque loquacis
Ad citharæ cantus; aut grato, haud immemor ipſe
Conſimilis flammæ, fallet ſermone ſenectam,
Atque hilari ornabit ſponſalia regia vultu."
Talia cum dederat, noctis ſe condidit umbrâ.
At mihi coram oculis ultrà ludebat imago,
Lætitiæ præſaga: expectatoſque triumphos
Intentus pervolvi, atque altâ mente recondo.

Arthurus Anneſley A. M.
Coll. Trin. Scholaris.

EURE veni, dudum deſertos aſſere fluctus,
Heſperio et tandem litore ſiſte ratem.
Siſte ratem, quam nos votis expoſcimus omnes,
Quam deſideriis GEORGIUS ictus avet;
Sic ſtatuam, Eure, tibi lactis de more patellas,
Et bimi fundam munera grata meri.
Uſque adeo inviſo ut teneat moderamine pontum,
Ingrato et Zephyrus murmure ſternat aquas?
Ille importunus, dulces ſpirare per umbras
Nulla quòd Idaliæ gratior aura ſolet;
Thura quòd ex aris tenues agitantia fumos,
Quòd nova ſerta Paphi, deſidioſus, amat;
Hanc operam noſtræ Veneri fors jactat inanem;
Atque deæ ſperat poſſe placere pari.

EPITHALAMIA

An miſer, inſolito deceptus amore, Favoni,
Nunc audes (quid non improbus audet amor?)
Per colla errantes leviter diffundere crines;
Aut Nymphæ ambroſium pervolitare ſinum?
Aut audire juvat ſermonem dulce loquentis,
Partem aliquam ut referas, officioſe, Jovi?
Quin abeas; tuque, Eure, veni, tuque affere fluctus,
Heſperio et tandem litore ſiſte ratem.
Fallorne? an placidè jamjam ſubit aurea puppis
Oſtia, et inſultat picta carina ſalo?
En venit AUGUSTA nurus AUGUSTIque nepote
Digna, atque illuſtri CÆSARIS apta toro.
I nunc, Eure domum; Æoliis requieſce ſub antris;
Quæſita et meritis accipe dona tuis.

Guililelmus Tate
Coll. Magd. Semicom.

TO THE KING.

GUardian of Albion's favour'd land,
Skilful to hold with ſteady hand
The ſlippery reins of pow'r;
Awhile, with love's chaſte joys inſpir'd,
Awhile, from ſceptred cares retir'd,
Indulge the genial hour.

Indulge; nor dare within thy breaſt,
With plans of riſing glory preſs'd,
The holy flame conceal;
Well ſhall a PITT's redoubled care
Direct the grand machine of war,
And watch o'er Britain's weal.

Then

Then ceaſe to check thy youthful mind
Which pants for Hymen's joys refin'd,
By love's chaſte influence led;
Lo! where, in blooming pride array'd,
HARCOURT leads on the royal Maid,
To bleſs thy nuptial bed!

Like thee, expert in wiſdom's lore,
She knows t' extract the latent ore
That glows in virtue's mine;
Like thee, amidſt the wiles of youth,
To follow virtue, candor, truth:
So like Her ſoul to Thine!

In vain would reaſon's power controul
The pantings of each nobler ſoul
For virtues like it's own;
Like kindred ſtars, by turns they give,
By turns reflected light receive,
Nor know to ſhine alone.

Would'ſt Thou thy country's joys improve?
The object of thy generous love,
To glory's ſummit raiſe;
At once your ſeparate rays unite,
And ſhine with undiminiſh'd light
In one meridian blaze.

Juſtice with gentle Mercy joyn'd,
And Truth with Clemency combin'd,
Shall rule o'er Albion's iſle;
Together ſhall the Graces meet,
And Honour fix her ſplendid ſeat
Where Virtue loves to ſmile.

Britons (if right the Muſe preſage)
Secure from war's deſtructive rage,
'Midſt plenty's mild increaſe,
United ſhall their ſkill impart,
To perfect every nobler art,
The genuine growth of peace.

Mean while, a generous, manly race,
Born with diſtinguiſh'd worth to grace
Their Sire's illuſtrious throne,
His every virtue ſhall tranſcribe,
Their Mother's every charm imbibe,
And make them all their own.

Late, when by your example taught,
They learn to ſtretch the lab'ring thought,
Improve the bleſſing giv'n,
Late ſhall begin their hallow'd reign,
Virtue to cheriſh, vice reſtrain:
The delegates of heav'n!

Denham Skeet
Scholar of Ball. Coll.

O Patria, o tandem lætis aſſueta vocari
Angligenûm votis, felicibus utere fatis,
Et facilem jam carpe diem: Victoria pennas
Purpureas quatit exultans; iterumque fugaces
Senſerunt Galli, quid bello vivida virtus,
Quid patrius vigor, et Britonum potuere catervæ.
Et viden? in ſolâ Ligeris ſpatiatur arenâ
Gallia, multa gemens, imoque in pectore verſat
Captivas arces, raramque per oppida plebem,
Et fractas naves, et ponti non ſua jura.

Dum

Dum Britonum victrix dominatur in æquore claſſis,
Et fœta exitio viduatis imminet oris.
Te tamen interea egregios renovare triumphos
Rex jubet indigena, et tibi porrigit otia pacis.
Talibus auſpiciis dulci Concordia vinc'lo
Alma tenet cives; meliori luce renidet
Titan, et placido decurrunt tempora lapſu.
Quin age, feſtivo celebres nova gaudia vultu,
Lætitiæque ſonos, cantuſque ad ſidera tollas.
Advenit, et tandem placidis allabitur oris,
Expectata ratis; clavum tenet ipſe Hymenæus,
Et puer Idalius levibus circumvolat alis.
Nec mora, feſtinant trepida cum matre puellæ,
Et pueri, et juvenes, et jam non tarda ſenectus,
Et Sponſam excipiunt plauſu, et venerantur euntem.
Haud aliter, cum denſa petunt examina campos,
Reginam huc illuc per paſcua læta volantem
Stipat fida cohors, et circumfuſa tuetur:
Urget amor ſtudium, ſtrepit omnis murmure campus.
Interea tacitam circa præcordia flammam
Rex fovet, et, promptus ſibi fingere mille perîcla,
Neptuni rabiem, atque adverſi turbinis iras, —
Vulnus alit venis: dum ſpes incerta futuri
Et timor alternis corda exultantia pulſant;
Cum lætum auditu populi increbreſcere murmur
Incipit, adventumque monet reſonabilis Echo.
Jamque moræ impatiens, penniſque adjutus Amoris,
Emicat, et gratam ſponſam complectitur ulnis
GEORGIUS, et teneris interſerit oſcula dictis,
Solicito prodens ardentia pectora vultu.
Interea procerum plauſu feſtiſque chorêis
Tota domus reſonat, croceumque indutus amictum
Ipſe faces accendit Hymen Junone ſecundâ.
At Muſa augurium, (nec ſpondent vana Camœnæ,)
Accipit, agnoſcitque deum: et tibi, regia Conjux,
Felici jubet augurio decurrere menſes.

Ille etiam qui mox tibi ludet GEORGIUS aula
Sceptra geret patris æmulus, ingenuamque fovebit
Doctrinam, et Muſis ſacras tutabitur ædes.
Aut ſi tentarit ſolitas gens Gallica fraudes;
Indignans, Britonumque acies in prælia cogens,
Victor aget turmas, pacis prætendet olivam,
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

Nicolaus Hornſby
Coll. Mert. Portioniſta.

ODE

TO MAJOR-GENERAL HODGSON.

I. 1.

HEnce, Sons of Avarice, hence away;
Trim is the bark; the frolic gales
Are on the wing, and court the ſails,
And ruby-ſcepter'd Commerce calls to ſea.
Go, gentler youth, whoſe wiſhes riſe
High as the golden glittering prize,
But ſicken at the toils;
Amidſt the doublings of the law
Go learn to hide and ſeek a flaw,
And ſafely, boldly cope in verbal broils.
And ye of ſofter mould, of various name,
On roſe-beds melt in Pleaſure's ſoft embrace;
Blind as ye are to Virtue's active chace,
Deaf to the call of ſoul-ennobling Fame.

Thy

I. 2.

Thy boſom, HODGSON, felt a nobler glow;
Thine was the great, heroic aim,
In arms to win an envied name,
And pluck bright honour from thy country's foe.
Fame was the miſtreſs of thy youthful years;
In Belgia's realms amidſt thy brave compeers
The glorious dame thy generous ardor woo'd;
To Culloden's immortal plain,
When WILLIAM led the dread campaign,
WILLIAM and Fame thy venturous ſtep purſued.

I. 3.

Nor has thy breaſt forgot to beat
With love of arms; her ſapphire ſeat
There Glory fixes ſtill. Hark! 'tis the voice
Of War: away, away; the dread alarm
Is ſpread, and GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice
Calls thee to bid the battle bleed;
The Trinal Sifters have decreed,
That thou, beneath thy victor arm
While fair Belliſle's proud ſtructures bow,
Twine the firſt laurel on thy Monarch's brow.

II. 1.

Enough: awhile Death's portal bar;
Not Jove himſelf with endleſs ſtorms
The fabric of the world deforms:
Arreſt in wild career th' enſanguin'd car.

Hither bring each flower of love,
Sweet as boaſts the Cyprian grove,
Fair as in Paphos blows:
And you, who twin'd the laurel, twine,
Woven with fragrant eglantine,
The lover's myrtle wreath on GEORGE's brows:
For CHARLOTTE comes. O Neptune, ne'er was ſeen
On thy green lap a richer freight;
On thy green lap tho' Helen ſate,
Or thy own daughter, beauty's brighter queen.

II. 2.

The bright perfection to the Britiſh ſhore
Daughters of Amphitrite conduct;
Ye Graces, hail the Nymph, inſtruct
With beauty's charms, with virtue's choiceſt ſtore.
Twine, o ye Fates, their threads; and wind them clear
From knot or break, thro' many a circling year.
'Tis done: and Fate impartial hath decreed
To GEORGE's virtue CHARLOTTE's charms,
To CHARLOTTE's beauty GEORGE's arms;
Unrival'd merit claims a peerleſs meed.

II. 3.

Iſis, to grace the feſtive day,
Pours forth her tributary lay:
Siſters, that drink of the Pierian ſpring,
Who of your quire, but hails the happy theme?
For ſuch a theme who will not wake the ſtring?
But, tho' with nature's happieſt eaſe,
With all the muſe's power to pleaſe,
Smooth flow your numbers as her ſtream;
The lay unworthy well I ween
So great a Monarch, and ſo bright a Queen.

Richard Shepherd M. A.
Fellow of C. C. C.

OXONIENSIA.

SOFT roſe the gales ordain'd to bear
To Albion's coaſt the choſen Fair,
Her Monarch's future bride;
When lo! the Nymph that loves to dwell
Deep in the pearl-enamell'd cell,
Where Albis' waters glide,
High o'er the wave appear'd, and ſtrung
Her coral lyre, and thus ſhe ſung:

"Go, ſhare the glory of a throne,
Where virtues, worthy of thine own,
Congenial luſtre ſhed:
Go, ſhare the tranſports of a breaſt,
Whoſe cares ſhall give the nations reſt,
And raiſe th' afflicted head;
Shall burſt th' incroaching tyrant's chain,
And bid Ambition rage in vain.

Obedient to the lot aſſign'd,
Thy country gives thee to mankind,
And turns her raptur'd eye,
(Prophetic of thy future claim,)
To every dearer, nobler name,
To every ſtronger tie,
When grateful nations ſhall contend
To hail thee Mother, Queen, and Friend.

Juſt to a patriot's generous cares,
Indulgent to a kingdom's prayers,
Heaven's happieſt influence ſhone;
Each glory victory's wreath beſtows,
Each radiance, that from virtue flows,
At once adorn'd the throne;
The brave, the good, the juſt, approv'd;
And Freedom prais'd, becauſe ſhe lov'd.

Thou, when domeſtic ſcenes of joy
His dearer, tenderer cares employ,
Shalt ſeize the favouring hour:
Thoughts, which thy ſoftneſs will ſuggeſt,
Shall charm at once, and raiſe his breaſt,
And love give virtue power:
Some added wreath his brow ſhall bind;
Some added good enrich mankind.

Then ſhall he bleſs thy kind concern,
Gladly to love, and thee, return,
And own his toils repaid;
Shall own that heaven for him prepar'd
The nobleſt toils, the beſt reward; —
And trace from thee convey'd
To every age, on Britain's throne,
Deſert and glory like his own."

John Taylor
Gent. Com. of St. John's College.

NYmphæ, planitiem choris marinam
Quotquot virgineis ſimul prementes,
Huc illuc pede curſitatis udo;
Pol mens ambiguo mihi tenetur,
Illis plena fides habenda, necne,
De vobis cecinere quæ poetæ
Antiqui, ut vereor, nimis jocoſi:
Et penè omnia credo fabuloſa.
Nam ſi Numinibus ſtatìm paratæ,
Quandocunque volunt, adeſtis ultrò;
Sinceras hominum preces viciſſim
Divorum auriculis referre promptæ;
Quidni, cum, (Jove ſic monente) noſtrum

Sponſata

Sponſata expeteret Puella litus,
(Dum cymbam precibus diu rogarent
Cordati celerem piis Britanni,)
Vos nec ſolicitis adeſſe votis
Dignatæ procerumque principiſque;
Nec Diis conſiliantibus favere?
O ſurdæ nimis, aut nimis malignæ!
  Aiunt (nam veterum Camœna vidit
Quæ rarò licuit videre noſtræ)
Vobis ambroſias comas protervum
Ad ventum fluitare colla circùm;
Vobis eſſe etiam genas colore
Tinctas purpureo, roſiſque labra.
Aſt ô! diſpeream, niſi iſta vates
Luſiſſe ingenio putem procaci:
Nam quid non veterum Camœna luſit?
Quos ſi vera tamen loqui putemus;
Quænam, oro, tenuere vos latebræ,
Cum nymphis CAROLETTA par marinis
Huc illuc, mare pervagata magnum,
Curſus, vix decimo die peractos,
Adverſis iteraſſet antè velis,
Quàm terrâ poſuit pedem Britannâ?
Num tales, Superis amata ſemper,
De vobis meruit Puella ſortes?
  Sin fortè, Invidiâ monente fœdâ,
Nec Sponſæ voluiſtis invocanti,
Nec Sponſi faciles adeſſe votis;
Si, Junone ſcelus docente, ſævas,
Cœleſtes animæ! tenetis iras;
Quis veſtrum auxilium rogare perget?
O ſurdæ nimis, et nimis malignæ!

Henricus Vince,
Coll. Trin. Sup. Ord. Com.

EPITHALAMIA

NOT to the ſhepherd's hutt, and rural cell,
Is Hymen only kind; of bliſs ſincere,
By confidence improv'd, the parent mild:
Lo! now, on rites majeſtic bent, he rears
His ſplendent brand, and with exalted ſtep,
And ſtate imperial, to the palace-gate
Marches, attended with his virtuous train:
While GEORGE to CHARLOTTE gives the willing hand.
Meantime, nor wants there every winning wile,
Such as with many a chaſte endearment crowns
Domeſtic Privacy's connubial bower;
Nor gentle blandiſhment, nor decent lure,
To hold in bondage ſweet the Monarch's breaſt;
Skill'd as thou art, great Princeſs, in whate'er
Nature, indulgent mother, could beſtow,
Or, her kind hand-maid, Art could miniſter,
From education's unexhauſted mine,
To poliſh and adorn the female heart.
For on thy infant head fair Science beam'd;
To grace the future Queen, came Hiſtory,
And taught her ſacred truths; came ſmiling ſweet
Fantaſtic Poeſy, of peculiar grace;
And next, her ſiſter Harmony, ſtill found
In ſouls of nobleſt temper, fitteſt charm
To ſoften and compoſe the manly breaſt
Of GEORGE, when, ruffled with the toils of empire,
He to thy winning excellence retires,
Exchanging regal ſtate for ſocial love.
Thrice happy Pair! to this heaven-favour'd iſle
In kindneſs given: oh, may Poſterity
Deſerve the bleſſings of your honour'd race,
Tranſmitted down to ages! nor look back,
With envious retroſpect, on the bright days
Of Henry or of Edward, for the palms
Of Britain's glory; while a fairer wreath
Is cull'd to deck the chiefs of BRUNSWICK's Line.

W. Henry Reynell Fellow of New College.

ENough of glory's wreaths, and victory's joy. —
Let gentler themes the grateful Muſe employ:
Not leſs immortal is her honeſt praiſe,
When worth domeſtic ſhines in humbler lays,
Than when her notes of loftier ſound proclaim
The Patriot's purpoſe, or the Hero's fame.

From thoughts, from toils reſerv'd for kings alone,
For kings, who reign the victims of a throne,
She turns intent her eye, and longs to greet,
Lov'd Prince, thine happier hour of calm retreat,
Where private virtues teach the generous breaſt
Amidſt the cares of bleſſing to be bleſt.

There proud to rank Thee firſt in every claim,
To grace the King's ſhe joins the Huſband's name;
Sees the warm heart that glow'd for nations, blend
The tender Lover with the faithful Friend:
Hears the dear voice whoſe accents Freedom felt,
On whoſe firſt ſounds exulting Freedom dwelt,
In ſofter duties all its power employ,
And give new rapture to domeſtic joy.

Th' expanding ſcene her eager eye purſues —
And now the Parent in the Prince ſhe views;
Sees his kind care conduct an infant train
To Honour's ſteep, thro' Pleaſure's flowery plain;
Sees his firm hand the path of virtue trace,
Point out the prize, and urge them to the race;
Sees him intent each opening grace improve,
And form their little ſouls to ſocial love,
To all that animates, adorns, endears,
To all that Britain in himſelf reveres.

Bleſt in theſe cares, for theſe have pow'r to bleſs,
The King will think the weight of empire leſs:
Bleſt in thoſe cares will aid the general plan,
And raiſe at once the Patriot and the Man:

Th' auguſt example wond'ring crowds will take,
And love the virtue for the Monarch's ſake:
From breaſt to breaſt th' enkindling ſpark will move,
Quick as of old fair Freedom's ſacred love:
The ſons will ſhew their fathers zeal renew'd,
And all that made them glorious make them good.
Fir'd at the noble thought, the Muſe no more
Reſtrains her flight; but emulous to ſoar
Where heights untried her loftieſt wing invite,
Sees Britain's Sun aſſume peculiar light:
Sees her ſtill toil, ſtill triumph to encreaſe
Her power, to give, to fix, to ſweeten peace;
While her lov'd lord, in every duty try'd,
Shines forth at once her glory and her guide;
Studious to bleſs, and eminently bleſt
To make the happieſt of mankind the beſt.

Samuel Biſhop M. A.
Fellow of St. John's College.

"O Caritas! ô Patria! — publicæ
Vindex ſalutis, quis mihi martios
Siſtet furores? — parce, Victor,
Parce gravi metuende bello.
Qua voce, Princeps armipotens, tibi
Rerum ſecundos gratuler exitus;
Seu victa ſeu victrix, cruento
Immoritura ſuper triumpho?
Heu! læta quondam paſcua deſerit
Paſtor coactus militiam pati, et
Arator (indignum!) labore
Culta ſuo populatur arva,

Armatus

Armatus hoſtis! dum timor et minæ
Circumſonant, heu! Muſa potens lyræ,
  Et liberales militari
    Barbarie violantur artes!
Neglecta ſqualent rura; frequentibus
Orbata ſqualent oppida civibus.
  Ah ſæva Varinûm vel hoſti
    Ruſſiaco miſeranda clades!
Domi ſuperſunt invalidi ſenes:
Et parva pubes aſſidet, audiens
  Pugnas cicatriceſque; et arma
    De tenero meditatur ungue,
Ridetque ſævo læta negotio.
At ô! meorum ſi valeant preces
  Succurre, Victor, dura paſſis,
    Dura fugæ mala, dura belli!"
Hæc Virgo dixit Regia — ſupplici
Ceſſit Tyrannus Mecurialium
  Princeps virorum: Martis iras
    Vicit amor patriæ perorans.
Quæ digna tantis, quæ meritis tibi
Quæſita merces? — Anglia Te novam
  Vocat parentem, patriamque
    Sole novam meliore donat.
Te præ puellis GEORGIUS omnibus
Sponſam requirit, Te ſociam tori:
  O principi felix placere
    Qui populo placet univerſo!
Multos in annos gaudia conjugi,
O, et Britannis gaudia proroges,
  Puerperî felix, vehenſque in
    Regna Georgiadas futuros!

Carolus Buckle C.C.C.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis.

EPITHALAMIA

Ω θεων ανδρων τε αναοσα, Κυπρι,
Χρυσεον πατρος θρονον, ȣρανον τε
Καλα λειψασα, ζαθεην τε νησον,
Δευρο κατηλθες.
Αλλα τηδ' Υμην ακολȣθος ηλθε,
Λαμπαδ' ἁψας ὁν· μελιγηρυες δε
Τρυγονες σφ' ηγον τερενας χεȣσαι
Αιεν ερωτας·
Σος, Κυθηρειη, δ' ἁμα παις κατηλθε
Διπτερος, βαψας μελιτ' ȣς οϊστους
Αρτι, μη πικρως μεροπων τε μελλει
Φυλλα τιτρωσκειν·
Ω Ερως, προς μεν σε πεφυκε μηδεν
Φαρμακον, παντας δε δαμας· πονει δε
Καρδιην ηδη γλυκερως ἁλȣς Γε-
ωργιος αυτος.
Ος θριαμβευσας μαλα δεινος εχθροις,
Ελλαβεν κυδος μεγα, και τροπαια
Πολλα, νικητȣ Καρολεττα νικα
Ποτνια θυμον.
Φαινεται δ' ισος Βασιλευς θεοισι
Εμμεν', ὁν, μυρτον στεφανοις πλακοντε
Δαφνικοις, ἁ Κυπρις Αρης τε τισαι
Πολλα χαρητην.
Τοις γαμοις Υμην, Αφροδιτ', Ερως τε,
Ιλαοι παντες παρατυγχανεσθε·
Ευτοκος δ' Ευνη, Φιλοτης δ' Ανακτος
Αθανατ' εστω.

Thomas Clark
Coll. Div. Jo. Bapt. Scholaris.

OXONIENSIA.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, LATE PRECEPTOR TO THE KING.

WHilſt Britain, happy Iſle, with ſoul-felt joy
Views in her native king what raptur'd bards
Have ſung of Henry's, Edward's, Anna's reign;
Whilſt Iſis, joyn'd with Cam, her tribute brings
Of honeſt praiſe, and free unbiaſs'd verſe,
Sacred to virtue; ſay, MY LORD, what tranſports
Glow in that generous breaſt, whoſe watchful care
Firſt taught the royal Youth to win the hearts
Of free-born Britons, and to bleſs mankind.
Enough the Muſe has ſung with loud acclaim
Of battles fought near Ganges' boiſterous flood,
Of Lawrence' gulph diſtain'd with Indian gore:
A nobler ſubject and a fairer theme
Demand our lays. To Hymen raiſe the ſong;
Twine with aſſiduous care the flowery wreath
For beauteous CHARLOTTE, queen of Britain's iſle.
Such Thetis was, when, from the foamy wave
Lightly aſcending, to admiring crowds
Of ſea-nymphs, dreſs'd in ſtoles of gloſſy green,
Beauties, before unſeen, ſhe firſt diſplay'd,
And claim'd dominion o'er the watery plain.
What pleaſing joy, what ſilent extacy
Beam'd from the eye, and play'd around the heart,
When from the rocky cliff the lingering bark,
Parting th' ambitious waves, was far deſcry'd,
Fraught with the richeſt gem of foreign climes!
The bark, ſelf-conſcious of her honour'd charge,

With gaudy pride diſplay'd her ſilken ſails,
And rear'd her golden head: on each ſide nymphs,
Nereids and Naiads, cut the lucid waves
In duteous homage: She, the beauteous Dame,
Lovely, majeſtic, ſtood a Queen confeſt:
From her pavilion, burniſh'd o'er with gold,
She view'd the diſtant ſtrand; whence loyal duty,
Wiſhes, ſincere as heaven, and ſparkling joy
Chid adverſe winds, and call'd the minutes ſlow,
That CHARLOTTE's courſe delay'd, and GEORGE's bliſs.
Hail, happy Pair! by bounteous heaven deſign'd
Patterns of royal virtue. Angels guard
Your ſacred throne, where juſtice, clemency,
Sweetly conjoyn'd, ſecure the ſubject's rights
Unenvied, and confirm your peaceful ſway.
Let others boaſt of harſh, deſpotic rule,
Extent of empire, deſolately wide;
Rich in a daſtard crew of abject ſlaves.
'Tis yours, great Prince, victorious in arms,
Midſt battles won in injur'd Freedom's cauſe,
To court fair Peace, with all her ſiſter train
Of Commerce, Arts, and true Philoſophy:
To teach your grateful ſubjects milder joys
Than thoſe which wild tumultuous triumphs give,
Sole pride of other nations, happy call'd:
Teach future monarchs how to wield the ſword
In war or peace: Soon haughty Lewis, ſick
"With flattery too thin to hide diſgrace,"
Boldly ſhall ſpurn the ſycophantic tribe,
And yield to Juſtice, Victory, and GEORGE.

Nathaniel Elliſon
Fellow of Merton College.

DUM per incertos bene fida fluctus
Creditam navis ſibi fert Puellam;
Auſter, inſultans pelago, protervus
Tardat euntem.
Heu! lares optat quoties paternos,
Et piis cœlum precibus fatigat!
Sponte dum blando reſoluta cedunt
Membra ſopori.
Illico Nymphæ Jove miſſus adſtat
Nuncius, mulcens placido labores
Somnio; et "Curis, ait, ac iniquis
Parce querelis.
Jam minax ſævi cadet ira ponti;
Jam, procul Martis rabidi furore,
Pandet optatos decus inſularum
Anglia portus.
O nimis dilecta Deo, manet Te
Et fides, et pax, et amica pacis
Otia; heu! quando patriæ videbunt
Otia ſedes?
Te vocat terras procul ad beatas
Fauſtitas: cara invenies maritum
Sponſa dilectum, populumque Princeps
Alma fidelem."

Edvardus Poore
Coll. Oriel. Sup. Ord. Com.

REgius ut primum conjux ad litora puppim
Angliaca optatam velis rediiſſe ſecundis
Audierat, promiſſa ſibi jam dona ferentem,
Inſolitos ſubito ſenſit per corda tumultus
Serpere, et in partes animum verſarier omnes.

Stat juxta præſagus Amor, repetitaque narrans
Gaudia quæ genialis Hymen donabit, honeſtum
Corde fovet vulnus, flammamque accendit amicam.
Ille novos ſenſim ritus exoptat, et horas
Increpat, heu! nimium cunctantes: omnia ſecum
Interea dubius volvit: quam ſcilicet ore,
Quam ſeſe inceſſu ferat exoptata puella,
Quæ ſit lux oculi, quæ ſplendida gratia frontis.
At procul aſpectâ commotus virgine, lætus
Accurrit, dextramque premens, "Salve, inquit, et oram
Angliacam fauſto tandem, Sponſa, omine viſas;
Soſpes adi has ſedes; te, Virgo, ſoſpite, nunquam
Deſinet in noſtris habitare penatibus hoſpes
Diva Salus, roſeo vultus induta lepore,
Nec Pax, irrupto ſocialia pectora vinclo
Uſque tenens, nec purus Amor, nec Gratia triplex.
En tibi lætus Hymen tædam vibrare jugalem
Incipit, et conſueta ad munia rite paratus
Te vocat ad limen, votivaque dona requirit."
Nec plura; at Nymphæ, fidei monumenta futuræ,
Baſia libat ovans, obtutuque hæret in ipſo.
Aſt illam deinceps famulæ intra tecta vocatam
Confirmant, timidæque addunt ſolatia: caſtum
Sternere pars lectum intereà, pars flore decenti
(Dulce miniſterium) & myrto circundare limen.
Sponſe, gradum accelera; jam te vocat ultro Hymenæus
Cunctantem, accenſis ad feſta altaria tædis:
Quid ceſſas? jam ſponſa ſequi te diſcat ad aras.
Atque o! perpetuo tæda hæc exardeat igne,
Mutua dum facili cum ſponſâ gaudia ſponſus
Decerpet, votiſque alacris Lucina favebit
Angligenûm, ſimilique beabit prole parentes.

Jacobus Wheeler A. B.
Ædis Chriſti Capell.

ΥΜΕΝΑΙΟΣ.

ΥΜνεομεν θαλαμȣς μεγα κοιρανεοντος ανακτος,
Ευκλεος ηδε κορης, ἡ τηλοθε πατριδα γαιαν
Συγγενεας τε λιπȣσα φιλȣς, και κλειτον αδελφον,
Παρθενικον τε χορον και ὁμηλικας ἱμεροεσσας,
Ημετερῳ αιγιαλῳ θηκεν ποδας αιγληεντας.
Αρχετε μοι, κȣραι, Υμεναιȣ αρχετ' αοιδης.
Πολλοι σοις, χαριεσσα κορη, μεγα κυδιοωντες,
Πολλοι σοις ποθεον θαλαμȣς φιλοτητα τε πιστην
Ηιθεοι, θαλερην πυκνῃ ὁτε δαιτι χορειαν
Ηγινεον, κιθαρῃ σα γενεθλια φωνηεσσῃ
Υμνȣντες· φρȣδην τε θεοις ποιȣμενοι ευχην·
Σοι γαρ, δια κορη, κȣρον προνοȣμενοι αλλον,
Τον ποσιν εκλεξαντο Γεωργιον, Αγγλιακοισι
Πολλην ευχωλην και χαρματα πολλα φεροντες.
Αρχετε μοι, κȣραι, Υμεναιȣ αρχετ' αοιδης.
Ω Νυμφη, πολλοισι φιλη, Βρετοσιν δε μαλιστα,
Εξ ȣ̓ συ ταπρωτα, θακοις ανιεισα πατρῳȣς,
Ξεινην εσπευδες πορρω προς γαιαν ἱκανειν,
Αυτοθι των νυμφων οδυνη φρενας αμφιβεβηκεν
Οικειων μεγαλη, και σ' ομμασι δαχρυοεσσι
Πενθȣν ηδ' ἑταραι τε φιλαι, καλοι τ' αϊζηοι·
Τοιος σειο, κορη, γεγονεν ποθος ἡλικιεσσι.
Αλλα γε και σοι δαχρυ τερεν κατελειβετο, νυμφη,
Σας ἑταρας απολειπȣσῃ, και δωματα λαμπρα·
Τȣτο δε ξηρανθη ταχεως, αψ δ' ομματι φαιδρῳ
Αυτοθ' ανα στιλβοντα νεος καταστρωματ' εβαινες.
Αρχετε μοι, κȣραι, Υμεναιȣ αρχετ' αοιδης.
Δεινα σ' αφικνομενην Βρετονων προς πȣλυβοτειραν
Γαιαν, Ανασσ', ανεμων αστεμφεων πνευματ' ερυκον
Βενθεσιν εν λιμενος· σεο δε φρενας ειχεν, Ανασσα,
Οψε κατερχομενης, αχος ισχυρον· αμφι δε κηρα
Ελδομενȣ ποσεως καλην σην οψιν ιδεσθαι

EPITHALAMIA

Ειρπεν αμοιβαιαις πληγαις ελπις τε φοβος τε.
Ουδε ποτ' αν ληξαιτο ποθυ, ταραχης τ' αλιαστυ·
Αλλ' ἱκετης Υμην ιεν υρανιην Αφροδιτην·
Η δε νοον Ζεφυρυ παρεπεισεν, δια θεαων,
Χωομενυ δεινως, ὁτ' εν αλλοις υρανιδῃσιν
Αὑτον γ' υ δωροις υδ' ευχαις υτις ετιμα.
Ηγεμονες δ' αρα νηα θοην αλαδε προερυσσαν·
Η δε μαλ' εσσυμενως πρησσ' ωκεανοιο κελευθα.
Αρχετε μοι, κυραι, Υμεναιυ αρχετ' αοιδης.
Ω γυναι, ὡς εκβαινες επι ῥηγμινι θαλασσης,
Εξαυτης κυραι τε συνεδραμον ενθα και ενθα,
Καλοι τ' ηιθεοι· συ δ' εν μεσσαισιν αριστη
Στειχες ὁμυ, μορφῃ και βλεμματι μειδιοωντι
Τηλοθεν αστραπτυσ', αστηρ ὡς αιθερι λαμπρῳ.
Αλλ' ὁτε συ ποσις αυτος ενι πρωταισιν ιυσαν
Σε τριλλιστον εβλεψε κορην, και χειρι καθηψε
Χειρος δεξιτερης, ἁπαλην δε φιλησε παρειαν,
Ποιαι τυ φρενας αυθις ανεδραμον ἡδυνυσαι
Φροντιδες· εκ δ' αυτυ νοον ἱμερος, εκ δ' οαριστυς
Εκλεψεν, δεινος δ' ευθυς σαλος εμπεσε θυμῳ,
Τῃ χειμαζομενῳ κᾳκεισεν· σοι τε μεταξυ
Εντος Ερως κινησε φρενας, πυκα περ φρονευσῃ.
Αρχετε μοι, κυραι, Υμεναιυ αρχετ' αοιδης.
Ενθ' αυ σ' αμφιπολοι κατα δωματα ποιπνυυσαι
Ερμασιν ευπρεπεως κοσμησαν τριγληνοισι·
Λαμπρα περιστειλαντες· ὁ δ' εν θαλαμοις παρακοιτης
Παρκαλεει, συνεχως ποθεων· και πολλακις ὡραις
Οκνηρως περιστρεφθεισιν κατεμεμψατο φωνῃ.
Ληγετε μοι, κυραι, Υμεναιυ ληγετ' αοιδης·
Ερχεται ἡ Νυμφη· θαλερυς επι πασταδι, κυραι,
Χρυσειῃ στεφανυς κρεμασαιτε· και υδατι μεσσῳ
Ισταμενη χαιρειν λιαν αμφοτεροισι κελευε,
Ω Μυσα, εν θαλαμῳ· και επηρατα παντα γινεσθαι.
Ληγετε μοι, κυραι, Υμεναιυ ληγετ' αοιδης.

J. Jekyll Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Comm.

AS from Germania's war-enſanguin'd ſhore
His beauteous freight triumphant ANSON bore;
O'er the wide waves his rapid veſſel flew,
'Till Albion's chalky cliffs appear'd in view;
When from the flood, now huſh'd in deep repoſe,
With awful pomp her guardian Genius roſe;
Looſe flow'd his azure robe in many a fold,
Deck'd with the ruddy croſs; a wreath of gold
His ſea-green treſſes bound, his better hand
Wav'd high the trident, ſymbol of command:
When thus; "All hail, o ever-honour'd Fair!
Diſtinguiſh'd object of a nation's care.
Lo! on the beach what crouds expectant ſtand
To hail their ſovereign to yon bliſsful land!
Let no ſad ſigh recall the parting hour,
The weeping kindred, or the natal bow'r.
What tho' the ſoil, with vines impurpled, yields
A richer product than Britannia's fields?
Yet hoſtile rage deforms the fertile ſhore,
And bathes once happier fields in human gore.
The furr-clad Ruſſian, thund'ring from afar,
Pours o'er thy plains the horrid waſte of war.
Here no ſad father, borne by force away,
Beholds his babes to ſavage bands a prey;
From inſult ſafe, no violated maid
In vain with tears implores the Gods for aid;
The ſwain, whoſe hand manur'd the teeming ſoil,
Enjoys the well-earn'd product of his toil;
In peace ſecure he taſtes a calm repoſe,
Nor feels dire Havock's deſolating woes.
Bleſt prince, whoſe morning hours of life preſage
Still brighter glories in advancing age,
Receive this matchleſs Maid; may Hymen ſhow'r
His choiceſt bleſſings on the nuptial bow'r:

Long may your joys uninterrupted laſt,
And every day riſe brighter than the paſt.
Contending bards ſhall raiſe the heart-felt ſtrain,
To bleſs the conſort of your happy reign;
Her care, (whilſt ſtill thy madding foes preſume
To urge from thee their yet impending doom;
Whilſt hating to deſtroy, and pleas'd to ſpare,
Unwilling you let looſe the ſtorm of war)
Shall o'er the ſofter arts of life preſide,
Reward their merits, and their labours guide.
Neglected genius, by her foſt'ring care
Reviv'd, the ſmile of ſov'reign power ſhall ſhare:
Again the Muſe her ancient honour claim,
And midſt her vot'ries rank a CHARLOTTE's name."
He ſaid; and plung'd beneath the foaming tide:
The refluent billows in a calm ſubſide.

J. Wenham
Commoner of Worceſter College.

NUptâ ſuperbit dum thalamus novâ
Regalis, almis undique odoribus
Perfuſus, et, ſpirante thura,
Igne micans adoleſcit ara;
Quo flore Divûm fana, corollulâ
Qualive cingam tempora Virginis,
Quæ dextera affulſit Britannis,
Purpureâ radians juventâ?
Illuſtris hoſpes! digna cani venis,
Quæ ſæpe blandam ſolicitas chelyn,
Et Ipſa pertractas eburna
Pollice plectra peritiori.

Seu

Seu matrem ademptam carmine lugubri
Poſcis, calentem et proſequeris pio
  Fletu favillam; Muſa luctum
    Ritè ſequax citharâ fovebit:
Argutiori pectine ſeu canis
Laudes GEÖRGI, et vincla jugalia;
  Canente te, cura avolabit
    Stridula triſtè ſonante pennâ.
Quum dura vaſti marmoris hauſeras,
Euruſque in atro delituit ſpecu,
  Fruſtra vocatus; non querelas
    Voce dabas, teneroſve planctus:
Vocalis aſtans cætus Apollinis
Solamen ægræ dulce tulit, melos
  Perſuave cordi ſubminiſtrans;
    Fallere iter docuitque cantu:
Tum victus audito Oceanus pater
Plectro quievit, Nereïdes modos
  Conchis cierunt nuptiales,
    Et vada perſonuere circùm.
Quin vocis artes excolere, et lyræ
Tu perge, conjux regia, pectori
  Quò blandiatur Muſa, et alveo
    Vita fluat placidè canoro.
Humana pinxit ſed vario Deus
Colore, nectens nunc diademata;
  Rotâque nunc currente Sortis
    Omnia nocte nigrante miſcens.
Vultu en! renidet, carmine dum tuo
Mulcetur, Hymen, et reficit facem;
  Suoſque miratur triumphos,
    Et meliùs jubet ire ſoles.
Hinc captat omen Pieridum chorus,
Paratque dulces ſpargere floſculos,
  Quos roſcidum Pindi cacumen
    Sufficiat, vel amœna Tempe.

EPITHALAMIA

Sin fortè viſas Caſtalidum nemus,
Sacrata Muſis et peragres loca;
Te, nomen optatum, docebunt
Lauriferas reſonare ſylvas.

Guilielmus Gwyn A. M.
Coll. Æn. Naſ. Socius.

PRæcipe quæ Thyrſis, (voces dum rettulit Echo)
Muſa, ſimul cecinit, virgineuſque chorus.
"Spargite vos, pueri, disjectis litora ſèrtis,
Inſtaurate domos; regia Sponſa venit.
Incolumis veniat; fragilem Dii impellite puppim;
Spem noſtræ gentis ſcilicet illa vehit.
Aſpirant, felix Princeps, tibi numina cœli,
Inſtat in amplexus Sponſa pudica tuos.
Felix Regina, illuſtri benè nupta marito,
Nec minùs et meritis nobilitata tuis;
Arridens læta in thalamis tibi pronuba Juno
(Dum præſens tremulam tangit Apollo lyram)
Felicem faciet multa te prole parentem;
Hector et alter erit, Neſtor et alter erit.
At quos junxit Hymen, cœli et venerabile numen,
Servet conjunctos inviolata fides;
Dum placidi leviter ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes
Condita ſub medio pectore tœda dei.
Neſciat Ille Tuus, Nuptâ ſine, gaudia; et ipſa
Uſque tibi creſcant, participata viro.
Ter felix Juvenis, felix et Sponſa! jugalem
Servet inextinctam, Nuptaque, Virque, facem."
Thyrſis cum ſociis (voces dum rettulit Echo)
Hæc dedit ad calamum, dum propè curat oves.
Aſt illæ, arrecto ſuſpenſæ ad carmina vultu,
Poſthabuere rudi paſcua læta ſono.

Henricus Rigby
Coll. Wadhami Scholaris.

AD SPONSAM.

QUO nunc adproperas, floridulis genis
Splendens, atque oculis igne micantibus?
Fallor? purus an Hymen
Caſtis urget amoribus
Ad GEORGÎ thalamos? perge ſequi deum
Urgentem, ô gracili Nympha nitens pede,
Pulchram lubrica vibrans
Dextram, et lacteolos ſinus.
Sponſi te ſimilis proſequitur favor;
Et Sponſum ſimilis condecorat nitor:
Nam nec cingere frontem
Ceſſat florida gratia
Phœbi purpurei, nec tenues Hymen
Illi in corde parat conjugii faces;
Aſt accendit amoris
Flammam in pectore mutuam.
Ex quo, vera loquens, Fama per oppida
Lapſa eſt Teutonici nuntia litoris,
Te in conſortia ſceptri
Sumptam, Sponſa, Britannici
Narrans, et celebris participem tori;
Fatis ecce tuis protinus invident
Nuptæ mille puellæ,
Innuptæque puellulæ.
Stipat te intereà nobilium chorus
Nympharum et juvenum, conjuge cum tuo;
Et lis mutua ſurgit,
Tune, aut Ille, beatior.
Perge atque adpropera: Sponſus enim tuus
Miratur (thalami limina dum premit)
Quis te tardat iniquæ
Importunus amor moræ.

At ne te immeritæ tardet amor moræ:
Scis quam multa tuæ, Sponſa, Britanniæ
Debes, ſciſque marito
Quæ ſint debita pignora.
Nam non connubii accendit amabilis
Tam puram temerè ſanctus Hymen facem;
Sed te diva vocante
Lucina intererit ſacris:
Quæ veſtras placido lumine nuptias
Cernet, nec variâ prole puerperam
Privabit, timidæ adſtans
Matronæ, et thalami potens.

Henricus Dyer
Aulæ B^tæ. M^riæ. Virg. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

ARbiter vaſti maris, efficacem
Cujus ad nutum Thetis intumentes
Ponit invita, aut poſitas repentè
Colligit iras,
Æquus incertam doceas carinam
Improbi dorſum remeare ponti,
Nec Britannorum decus efferato
Obrue fluctu.
Nulla cui certet, ſpoliis onuſtam
Seu ratem Eois premat, aut petita
Merx, ubi auratas Tagus invidendus
Ditat arenas.
Plauſuum ſed cur geminatus ictus
Perſonat cœlos? venit expetenti
CÆSARI ſponſa? an Britonas jocoſa
Ludit imago?

Ecce!

Ecce! feſtinat CAROLETTA, gentis
Anglicæ ſidus placidè renidens,
Qualis aſtrorum micat inter ignes
Luna minores.
Quam viam carpit, decorare Flora
Invicem certant Zephyruſque: læta
Illa quos promit gremio, ille circum
Spargit odores.
Sic, Jove amplexus repetente gratos
Conjugis, flores alacris latentes
Terra maturat, ſubito induitque
Se crocus auro.
Ter, quater, ſalve; generoſa Virgo!
Albion ex Te patriæ parentes
Proſpicit natos, Rhedycina Muſis
Uſque faventes.
Mutuum ne tu ſtabilire fœdus
Differas gratis, Hymenæe, vinclis,
Cui favet Divûm pater, annuitque
Alite læto.
CÆSARIS ſigna en! fluitant ab arce
Pendula hoſtili, cadit arrogantûm
Faſtus armorum, fugit et relictis
Gallia caſtris.
Muſa, quas tantis meritis precemur
Principis dignas utriuſque palmas?
Mutui ut creſcant populo fideli
Gaudia amoris:
Digna nec naſci ſoboles moretur
Stirpe, quæ noſtrum tueatur orbem,
Laudibus certans et amore recti æ-
-quare parentes.

Guilielmus Lewis
Coll. Pemb. Scholaris.

EPITHALAMIA

FAR from thoſe ſhades retir'd, that favourite plain,
Where meek-ey'd Science holds her peaceful reign;
From nodding groves, where each fond Muſe reſides,
From ſtreams, that ever boaſt their claſſic tides,
How can the bard his grateful tribute pay,
Or tune to numbers meet the feſtive lay?
Theirs be the taſk, as fancy warms, to frame
The golden viſion and the heav'nly dream;
Theirs, with nice art the nuptial wreath to twine,
And grace with incenſe due fair Virtue's ſhrine,
Who court at eve's calm hour thoſe bleſt abodes,
Haunt Iſis' grottos, and converſe with gods.
  Guardian ſupreme of Britain's happy iſle,
Congenial offspring of thy native ſoil,
For thee Pierian ſtreams inceſſant flow,
And laurels bloom, and virgin roſes blow;
For thee th' harmonious Nine with ſtudious care,
Illuſtrious Prince, their ample wreath prepare,
And bid the Graces with aſſiduous haſte
Traverſe on buſy wing each lonely waſte,
To deck with choiceſt gifts the nuptial vow,
And cull a chaplet for thy CHARLOTTE's brow.
  Huſh'd be the trump's ſhrill note, which calls from far
Each marſhal'd band to mix in dubious war.
Lo! CHARLOTTE comes! let every tumult ceaſe,
Charm'd by the pow'rful voice of gentle Peace.
And hark! I hear, as on Elyſian ground,
The pleaſing muſic pour it's liquid ſound,
While Angels, bending from the realms above,
Hail the bleſt Pair, and greet their mutual love.

Samuel Nott B. A.
Fellow of Worceſter College.

O quæ ſecundo ſolveris omine,
Auguſta Pinus, non rabies noti,
Tumultuoſum te nec æquor
Obruat, aut malefida ſyrtis.
Scis quale nobis pignus, amabile,
Sacrumque, debes? ne violes fidem
Per numen oro nuptiale,
Per Venerem Veneriſque prolem.
Non uſitatum per freta cærula
Portas onus, non vellera Colchidos,
Nec quas Tagus, vel fabuloſus
Indus opes, Arabeſque jactant.
Tu ditior, tu ſplendidior venis:
Onuſta, Navis, virgine nobili,
Fers comparem regis Britanni,
Oceani dominam potentem.
Quin læta nautæ pandite carbaſa;
Dudum recluſis portubus Albion
Incuſat obſtantes malignè
Deliciis populi procellas.
Effuſa pubes litore proſpicit
Certatque votis — O quis amicior
Succurret eurus, conjugemque
Expediet juveni marito?
Mercede tali cura rependitur,
Regiſque virtus; hinc bona patriæ,
Hinc poſteris æterna ſpondet,
Non ſine diis animoſus auſpex.

Thomas Maſters
Coll. Oriel. Sup. Ord. Comm.

EPITHALAMIA

Χαιρε, φιλη πατρη, κρατερων ἑδος ολβιον ανδρων·
Ηδη γαρ λιμενος πολυβενθεος εντος αγονται
Νηες, εϋζωνην σῳ ανακτι φερουσαι ακοιτιν.
Η φρεσιν ἡμετεραις κεχαρισμεναι ἡκετε, νηες,
Και μεγα χαρμα· φιλον μαλα γαρ τετιημενοι ητορ
Αινως δεισαμεν Αγγλοι, ιδ' Αγγλιδες ἑλκεσιπεπλοι,
Μη κακα βουλευσαιτο Ποσειδαων Ενοσιχθων
Χωομενος, τοσσουδ' ἡμιν φθονεσαιατο δωρου·
Ιλαος καιπερ περιν πολλα και εσθλα δεδωκεν,
Αιεν ἑοις Βρετονεσσι κρατος και κυδος οπαζων,
Καρπους τ' αλλοδαπων παντοια τε χρηματα νησων.
Αλλ' ου κυανεῳ δωρον ποτε δεξατο κολπῳ,
Ουδε μεν ἡμετεραις ακταις χαριεστερον αλλο,
Εθνει ᾧ επιηρα φερων, πελασ' Εινοσιγαιος.
Υμην ω Υμεναιε παρει· μεγα χαρμα Βρεταννων
Ηλυθε Νυμφη· παντα δ' ἑτοιμα, συ μουνος απεσσι.
Βασκ' ιθι, Ιρι ταχεια (θεας δ' ὑπακουσον εφετμαις
Ηρης, ἡ μεμεληκε γαμος ἱεροιθ' ὑμεναιοι)
Τον κρατερῳ βασιληι Βρεταννων μυθον ενισπε.
Χαιρε μαλ', ολβι' αναξ, αγαθων δε τοι αγγελος ειμι·
Παρθενος ηλυθε δια, τοσον χρονον ἡν πεποθηκας,
Οψε περ, αμφιρυτου επι θινα Βρεταννιδος αιης.
Αυθι μενουσα, θεῃσ' εναλιγκιος αθανατῃσι,
Καλλεϊ και νεοτησι κεκασμενη, ευφροσυνῃ τε,
Ευχεται οφθαλμοις σ' ιδεμεν και ακουεμεν αντα
Ηδυ λαλουντα, σεθεν δε φιλη καλεεσθαι ακοιτις.
Ορσε', αναξ μακαριστε, και ολβιος αρχεο ειναι.
Υμην ω Υμεναιε παρει· βασιλεων οχ' αριστον
Λαμπασι σαις ισον θειης μακαρεσσι θεοισιν.
Αλλα συγ', ηωοιο πνοας νικωσ' ανεμοιο,
Παντοσεν, Οσσα, πετου, Διος αγγελε, μακρα δ' αϋσον·
Ηλυθε ποτνια Νυμφα, θεαις επιεικελος οψιν.
Τῳδ' αρα γηθησειν παντας φρεσιν ἡσιν οϊω

Γηθοσυνῃ

Γηθοσυνη μεγαληφιν, αϋτη δ' ὑρανον ἰξει,
Ουδ' ετ' ακυσεσθαι π Βρεταννιδα πλην αλαλητυς;
Ηδε κροτυς ανδρων, τα τε τυμπανα ηχεα καλα.
Υμην ω Υμεναιε, φαρει· συ πατηρ δε κεκλησῃ
Γηθοσυνης, τερψας βασιληα τε φαντα τε λαον.
Αλλα συγ' ἡμετερας χαιροις πελασασα φρενας ακτας,
Παρθενε διοτρεφες, ποσιν ἡ βασιλειον εδωκαν
Αθανατοι, τὰ δη μαλα σοι φθονεσσειεν ἑκαστη
Ων τεκε γεννάιων πολυπαις Γερμανια νυμφων·
Ανδρ' αγαθον, πολυμήτιν ανακτα, θευς τε σεβοντα,
Ανθρωπυς τε φιλυντα·---τα δ' ειπεμεν ὑκ ετ' αναγκη·
Γνωσεαι αυτη ιδυσα τα περι μετα πασιν ακυσας,
Χαιρησει δ' αρα θυμος ενι ςηθεσσιν ιδυσῃ,
Ως καλον τ' αγαθον τε λαχες θαλερον παρακοιτην.
Υμην ω Υμεναιε, θεων ερατωτατε, Νυμφῃ
Καλλικομῳ δειξαιο φιλον θεοεικελον ανδρα.
Μη λυπηθεις πυς γε λιπυσα φιλυς τε,
Ηδε κασιγνητυς, και καλην πατριδα γαιαν.
Αγλια σι πατρις κληησεται ολβιοδαιμων;
Αγλια κυδιανειρα, πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης,
Τηλεδαπων πολεων τε καὶ ανδρων, ἰφι κρατυσα·
Αγλια καλλιγυναιξ, ἑκατον μητης κυδρειων·
Των γε συ, δια κορη, καλη βασιλισσα κεκλησῃ,
Ην θεον ὡς πισυσι, μεθ' ἡσυχιοισι πρεπυσαν
Η δεμας, ηδε φυην, και φωνην λειριοεσσαν.
Υμην ω Υμεναιε, δος αλλην αμμ' Αφροδιτην,
Ως Νηρηιδα ποντῳ, η ὑρανῳ αγλαον ασρον.
Κλαιεις μητρα φιλην; ἱερης δ' αποδωσεται Υμην
Μητρα τοι ηγαθεην, ὁμοφυλην, τεκνα φιλυσαν·
Η σε μαλ' ασπασιως αγαπωσ' ὡς γνησιον ὑον,
Πολλα μεν ευφρονεσσα σε τερψεται ημαπα παντα
Ειδυιαις θεραπαινησιν. Απουρας οδυρε' αδελφυς;
Τυςδ' αρα σοι παυρας αποδωσεται ἡμερος Υμην
Ουτι χερειοτερυς· θεοειδεις μηδετ' αδελφυ,

Μηδε καασιγνητης επιδευεαι καλλιπαρειης.
Πως δε συ, ἱμερθεσσα κορη, πηων τοκεων τε
Ληθομενη, θειον μεγα τερψεαι ητορ ὀρωσα
Τυτθον ενι μεγαρθις παιζοντα Γεωργιον, ὁψιν
Καμ ψυχην αγαθην ᾧ αμυμονι πατρι ὁμοιον.
Υμην ω Υμεναιε, γαμοις τυτοισι παρειης,
Καμ δωης Βρετονεσσιν ετ' εοσομενοισιν ανακτα.
Χαιρετε πολλα, φιλοι Βρετονες, ευδαιμονες ανδρες,
Ων Ζευς ὑψισος μεγα κηδεται ηδε φυλασσει.
Ειθ' αιεν τοιοσδ' ὑμιν επιβαρροθος ειη,
Καμ τοιῳ δωη σεφανον καμ σκηπτρον ανακτι·
Ολβον παντοιον δε, καμ ημαται πολλα καμ εσθλα,
Διογενει Βασιλνι καμ ἱμεροεσσῃ Ανασσῃ.
Υμην ω Υμεναιε παρει· σοι τερψις αμυμων,
Ηδυμος ευφροσυνη τε, γενος τ' εραστεινον ἑποιτο.

Joannes Napleton A. M.
Coll. Æn. Naſ. Socius.

DUM tua civili teritur Germania bello,
Te, populis cœloque ſimul cariſſima Virgo,
Lætior ora vocat, Bellonæ illæſa procellis,
Et puros accendit Hymen tibi candidus ignes.
Te rex Angligenum, magno correptus amore,
Felici petit auſpicio: te fervidus optat.
Ah! quoties ventum increpitat, pelagumque tumentem;
Hæc ſecum reputans; "Virgo, tibi triſtis aquarum
Miteſcat rabies; tibi ſpiret amicior eurus;
Improba nec lædant immenſi tædia ponti."
Eja age jam, tanto digniſſima conjuge, caſtos
Regis ad amplexus propera, nec te ulla moretur
Segnities; ſatis ampla tuæ patet area laudi.
Ecce, venis. Quanto populi per compita plauſu
Ingrederis! qualis divini gratia vultûs!

Quantus

Quantus Acidalio decor eluceſcit in ore!
Gaudia quis memoret, placidi per pectora ſponſi
Quæ ſeſe molli volvunt generoſa tumultu,
Dum dignam agnoſcit, quæ ſceptra Britannica geſtes?
Sed neque te ſceptri gravitas et ſplendor eburni,
Nec, tibi quod frontem cinget diadema venuſtam,
Tantùm exornabit, cultæ quantùm aurea mentis
Simplicitas, antiqua fides, ardenſque decoræ
Libertatis amor, pietaſque ad ſidera ſurgens.
Pellere jam triſtes omni de corde dolores,
Jam populum feſtis decet indulgere choreis:
Jam levibus numeris Rhedycinæ ad flumina Muſa
Ludit amabiliter: mox forti carmine victas
Gallorum et plectro dicet graviore catervas:
Dumque fluunt genti felicia ſecla Britannæ,
Venturam GEORGÎ (ni me præſagia fallunt)
Progeniem non degenerem canet omne per ævum,
Et, CAROLETTA, tuos attollet ad aſtra nepotes.

S. Bradbury
Coll. Wadhami Commenſ.

O! nuptialem ritè qui regis torum
Hymen, Britannos proſpero viſas pede,
Roſâ redimitus lætiore verticem;
Puriſſimaque luce ſcintillent faces.
Te non querelas paſtor inter turturum,
Dum rupe penduli greges laſciviunt,
Humiliſve poſcit cultor — at quo Filio,
Quo Rege, quo Parente gaudet Albion,
Tui Hic fatetur numinis potentiam.
Inter triumphos et tropæa Gallico
Cruore parta, mitiore flammulâ
Exarſit Heros, laureis victricibus
Miſcere callens, quæ Maritum geſtiunt

EPITHALAMIA

Ornare, myrtus — Digna tanto conjuge
Caroletta, amore digna gentis liberæ,
Curas levabit, ſortietur, imperî.
Hinc iſte plauſus! hinc tumultu compita
Feſto reſultant, hoc recepto munere
Cœli faventis, anxia optatum prece
Quod detinebat invidâ dudum morâ
Neptunus inſueto ſtupens ſpectaculo.
Animæ beatæ! quas perenni copulâ
Virtutis ardor mutuus junxit pares.
Beata tellus! invidenda gentibus!
Te induta vultus ipſa virtus regios
Ornat, tuetur, prole quæ ſimillima
Seros ſuperſtes poſteros tuebitur.
Domeſticæ quot fauſtitatis pignora,
Tot cernit obſides ſalutis publicæ;
Sibimet patronos Muſa tot ſpondet novos.
Nec vana ſpondet; nam auſpicato murmure
Properare cærulam videbat Iſida,
Hos nympha dum jocoſa redderet ſonos,
"Hymen Britannos proſpero viſas pede."

Guilielmus Grove
Coll. Oriel. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

NOW from Germania's ſhore the choſen bark
Plow'd back her wat'ry way; the leſs'ning land
Tires the ſtrain'd eye — but long the royal Maid
Purſues the fading view; (with other thoughts,
Than whilom from the banks of wanton Seine
To Scotland's barren wilds the hapleſs Queen
Journey'd unwilling.) Much ſhe meditates
The nation's glory, and the princely ſoul
Of her high Spouſe; nor leſs the milder arts
That grace the Man — for much did fame report.

Yet

Yet ever and anon her country's woes
Recall'd the tender ſigh — "Farewell, ſhe cry'd,
Farewell, my hapleſs Country, long eſtrang'd
To rural quiet, and the ſober joys
That dwell with Peace — How long ſhall horrid War
Ravage thy fated plains, and the keen ſword
Blaſt thy fair fruits? enough of widow's cries,
Deep plaints, and bitter wailings, hath aſſail'd
The troubled air, where erſt the jocund lyre
Echo'd the merry lay, and jovial ſounds
Of hoſpitable friendſhip: glad I quit
Your blood-ſtain'd ſhores, Weſer and ancient Elbe;
Yet mindful of whate'er in happier days
Or ſocial friendſhip, or the ſacred tie
Of gratitude endear'd; what time your ſtreams
Saw me diſporting 'mid the virgin throng.
Now other realms invite, where Liberty
'Midſt Albion's glittering rocks her native ſeat
Maintains inviolate, and ſhall ſtill maintain,
Maugre th' attempts of force, or ſecret guile,
Invincible — Hence happier aſpect chears
Thy ſmiling plains, fair Iſle, and thy glad ſons,
Secure of war, to GEORGE's ſacred name
Carol the grateful ditty — Yet erewhile
Unſeemly Diſcord with malignant blaſt
Thwarted theſe bleſſings — O may never more
Such monſter ſtalk thy ſtreets, but union firm
Rivet the breaſts that plan their country's weal.
Nor vain the wiſh, while GEORGE with ſteady care
Directs their counſels — He, tho' laurels freſh
Invite, ſtill woos the haughty Gaul with terms
Of proffer'd friendſhip, and ſhall bid again
Peace ſpread her olives o'er Germania's ſhores.
He too, with lenient art and converſe mild
Shall ſooth a Conſort's ſorrows, and repreſs
The riſing ſigh: and ever as he tells

Of Britain's glory, or by hardy deed,
Or virtuous lore attain'd, my glowing breaſt
Shall catch the patriot flame, and hail the land
Whoſe ſons at Honour's ſhrine ſuch trophies raiſe."

Henry Courtenay Student of Chriſt-Church.

REX, ægre impatiens ſui doloris,
Millies tenero oſculatus ore
Depictam tabulam manu tenebat:
"Tu, regni mihi deſtinata conſors:
Et, quod pectora molliore ſenſu
Impellit, mihi deſtinata conjux!
Metus o! trepidæque amantium ſpes!
Ecquando boreæ acriùs colonus,
Aut ſenſit mala peſtilentis auſtri?
Ecquando furor æquinoctialis
Inviſus magè, ſæviorque nautis,
Quàm nobis zephyri tumeſcit aura?"
Hoc ut dixit: Amor jocoſus, illi
Arridens, jubet eſſe mitiorem:
Curas deliciaſque ſcilicet jam
Securas Britonum attigiſſe portum;
At, ne plus ſatis hoc metu ſolutus
Gaudeat, ſua perdidiſſe regna:
Abhinc imperium affecutus, inquit,
Corda pro libitu domabo. Quarè
Læti vivite, quotquot eſtis, omnes:
Et ſparſi violis roſiſque crines
Amate, o pueri, puellulæque:
At, Tu præcipuè vacato curis,
CHARLOTTAM gremio fovens amatam;
Nec Britannia tota lætiorem
Jactet, nec thalamum auſpicatiorem.

Ricardus Malone A. B.
ex Ædе Chriſti, Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

MIdſt the loud tumults of impetuous war,
The noiſe of cannon, and the clam'rous trump,
If aught the Muſe inſpires,
To ſweeteſt notes now tune
The warbling lyre, breath the ſoft flute, and raiſe
In peaceful ſtrains of harmony the ſong,
Big with the riſing joys
Of this auſpicious day.
Ye warriors nurtur'd in the field of Mars
To matchleſs feats of arms, and hardieſt deeds;
Suſpend awhile the taſk
Of ſad neceſſity:
Whether o'er Germany's diſpeopl'd waſtes
You bend your rapid courſe, or in the wilds
Of rude America
Act the dire ſcene of woe.
Say, is it Fancy's viſionary dream,
Or do I view the gaudy ſails from far
Swell with propitious gales,
And hail the Britiſh ſhore?
She comes! with every ſweet attractive grace,
That flows from native elegance, adorn'd,
To crown with ceaſeleſs bliſs
A youthful Monarch's hopes.
Illuſtrious Prince! bleſs'd in thy country's love,
Compleatly great, forgive the ardent lay,
If aught officious zeal
Offend thy modeſt ear.
And you, imperial Nymph, whoſe lovely charms
Invite the hero's choice, vouchſafe a ſpark
Of your celeſtial fire,
To kindle ſofteſt thoughts,

And raiſe th' enraptur'd verſe. Then ſhould the Bard,
In numbers, pure as is your love, and fir'd
With ſtrains of ecſtaſy,
Pour forth the generous pray'r:
"May every bliſs that waits on virtuous deeds
Attend the royal Pair. And when from hence,
(O! long ye guardian pow'rs
Avert th' unwelcome day,)
Back to their native ſkies they wing their flight,
From them deſcended may another GEORGE
Beneath his gentle reign
Bid fair Britannia ſmile."

William Vyſe Commoner of Brazen Noſe College.

HARK! from the crouds, elate with joy,
What acclamations riſe;
War's thunder, cuſtom'd to deſtroy,
In triumph rends the ſkies!
CHARLOTTE is ſafely wafted o'er,
To glad Britannia's ſhouting ſhore.
Fit Conſort for the beſt of Kings —
Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious day!
Like ſome kind ſtar, thy riſing ray
A happy influence brings.

Unlike the fickle, vain, or proud,
Her godlike ſoul is form'd,
With every poliſh'd grace endow'd,
With every virtue warm'd.
Her manly ſenſe, her pious mind,
To every noble deed inclin'd,
A more than female courage ſhew;
Yet ſoft-ey'd pity bears a part,
Pity, that moves the royal heart
To feel a ſubject's woe.

Come

Come to this iſle of peace and reſt,
And ſhare the Britiſh throne,
Here view in GEORGE's kindred breaſt,
The virtues of thy own:
GEORGE, who purſues each perfect plan
That forms the Monarch and the Man,
At once his country's prince and friend;
His nobleſt pride, his chiefeſt aim,
To ſpread her intereſt and her fame,
To govern and defend.

No longer exiles from a court
Shall Truth and Virtue fly,
Safe in their ſovereign's firm ſupport,
And ſmiles of majeſty,
Gracing the throne by which they ſtand —
Britannia! heaven-protected land,
Oh! cheriſh ſtill theſe noble gueſts;
With heart-ſtruck admiration view
Thy precept and example true,
Grav'd in their royal breaſts.

Long may Ye live, beloved, ador'd,
With peace and honours crown'd,
While Faction trembling 'neath your ſword,
Indignant bites the ground.
And when Ye ſhall aſcend the ſky,
For even the juſt and good muſt dye!
May then a great and glorious race,
Whoſe virtues with an angel's tongue
Shall ſpeak the parents whence they ſprung,
The throne of Britain grace.

Henry Bathurſt
Fellow of New College.

EPITHALAMIA

LOnginquos aditura toros, peregrinaque ſceptra,
Cùm CAROLETTA diu ventis erraret iniquis,
Adverſoque mari, cæcas jactata per undas;
GEORGIUS aſpiciens immanes æquoris æſtus,
Neptunum, pelagi tempeſtatumque potentem,
Talibus orabat. "Fallax haud antè repertus,
O Britonum præſens olim ſuccurrere rebus,
Scilicet hâc unâ jam tandem fraude, tuorum
Vota fefelliſti! Num ſic, Neptune, tueris
Auſpiciis commiſſa tibi connubia fauſtis?
Hæcne ergò promiſſa fides, ſancitaque priſco
Fœdere, et immenſi mihi facta potentia ponti,
Ut ſalis incerti per tædia longa, propinquas
Spes interciperes, exſpectatoſque Hymenæos?
Quid tantum de te merui? Si novimus artes
Rite tuas Britones; ſi te tot portubus amplis
Accipimus; ſi gens navalibus aſpera bellis
Sit curæ, Neptune, tibi, patienſque profundi;
Si Britonum vexilla, Pater, victricia dudùm,
Mittis in extremos ratibus felicibus Indos:
Dexter ades; clavumque Atlantica per freta torquens,
Regali facilem curſum, Pater, annue ſponſæ,
Finibus ex Herulis, ſcopuloſoque Albis ab ore."
Dixit, et agnovit turbato e gurgite Vocem
Oceanus: rapidi fugiunt vaſto æthere nimbi:
Et Panope formoſa, choro comitante, quietis
Viſa ſalire vadis, et aprico ludere fluctu.
Nec mora: continuò ſe prodere cærula claſſis
Æquore ab extremo, veliſque obſcura remotis,
Et magis atque magis fulgentia pandere ſigna:
Jamque, favente Noto, tranquillâ leniter aurâ
Ingruere, et ſenſim optatis allabier oris.

Joannes Smith Budgen
Coll. Trin. Sup. Ord. Com.

AD HONORATISSIMUM
SIMONEM COMITEM HARCOURT.

CEntum placendi nobilis artibus,
Facunde Læli; quem voluit ducem
Periculoſi dorſa vectæ
Oceani per acerba Sponſæ
Amator ultrò regius; accipe
Quas Muſa, voti nuntia publici,
Grates rependit, te fidelis
Obſequii celebrans miniſtrum.
Te, cum frementi vaſta per æquora
Vento dediſſes vela, nec ampliùs,
Sponſæ futuræ deſtinata,
Cymba ſtetit patriis arenis,
Quot uſque votis Patria, ſupplicis
Ritu, ſecuta eſt! ne fragilem trabem
Per marmora errantem doleres
Flaminis arbitrio protervi.
At cum, peractis mille periculis,
Navis ſecundis carbaſa flatibus
Impleret, et fluctus ſecaret
Incolumi reditura merce,
Jamque expetito conderet in ſinu
Perdulce pondus (dum dominam recèns
Advectam amico ſtipat urgens
Officio impatiens corona)
Tune, inſequentis maxima pars chori,
Vulgare circa pectora gaudium
Expertus, aut parcos ovante
Nactus eras patriâ triumphos?
Nunc ô labori ſume ſuperbiam
Quæſitam honeſto: conſpice regii,
Ductore te ſalvam, ſedilis
Participem thalamique Nympham.

Mox, cum jugalis diva potens tori
Lucina caſtis faverit ignibus,
  Vultumque felicis futura
    Progenies referat parentis,
Tu lætus inter brachia ventilans
Prolem, beatæ delicias domûs,
  Mirabere intentus, tuoſque
    Pro patriâ recolens labores,
" Diſce ô parentem, parvule mî, tuum
Riſu fateri, et moribus," inquies:
  " Matrem viciſſim garrienti
    Incipe jam recreare linguâ.
Hoc Numen, ultrà quod volui, dedit
Multùm roganti; ſcilicet ut, meis
  Dum ſcandit exultans uterque
    Auſpiciis ſolium Britannum,
Te puri amoris patria cerneret
Commune vinclum; Te, populi bono
  Naſcentis, olim deſtinatum
    Angliacæ dare jura terræ."

Ricardus Cope Hopton A. B.
Coll. Magd. Socio-Commenſalis.

DEſere Acidalios lucos, pia Mater amorum,
  Huc, age, cum puero carminibuſque veni:
Non qualis, fideique et conjugis immemor, olim
  Auſa es belligeri lectum adiiſſe dei,
Sed caſta, ingenuoque veni ſuffuſa pudore,
  Pectora nullius conſcia labis habens:
Qualem divinos ſpirantem vertice odores
  Nativo dicunt emicuiſſe ſalo.
Tum rapidæ ſiluere auræ, choreamque per æquor
  Viſa erat extremum ducere læta Thetis.

Talem

Talem cum oppoſiti venti ſe credidit iræ
  Vecta peregrinâ regia Nympha rate,
Oceani pater ipſe ſacrum caput extulit undâ,
  "Voſque ô quêis, inquit, tradita jura maris,
Diîque Deæque omnes, et ſpretis Naiades antris
  Unà virgineos nunc agitate choros.
Non Helena aggreditur divinæ incendia Trojæ,
  Non hæc infamis fœdera jungit Hymen.
Sponſa futura venit, magni pia cura GEÖRGI,
  Regis Io noſtri Sponſa futura venit.
Eia agite, a tergo cunctantem impellite puppim!
  En! quanto Angliacos munere onuſta petit.
Tuque ô, quem vidit circumvectum ultimus orbis,
  Aſpice quam curam, præmia quanta vehis.
Credita non talis tibi merx, cum ſola ſuperſtes
  Vix ratis Hiſpanas ægra vehebat opes.
Sis fidus dominæ cuſtos, animamque GEÖRGI
  Incolumem ſerves Angligenûmque decus!"

Joannes Collins
Coll. Reg. Commenſ.

JAM Britonum puppes longùm conſtrinxerat Auſter
  Flatibus adverſis, nautiſque dolentibus undas
Clauſerat æquoreas; cum viſu concita Juno
Æoliam tendit, regemque his vocibus orat:
"Æole, cui parent venti, qui carcere nimbos
Incluſos cohibes, iterum tua regna reviſo.
Tu noſtris victus precibus diſpergere quondam
Naves Æneæ, et pelago ſubmergere Teucros,
Aut procul optatâ poteras detrudere terrâ.
Si tibi pro tantis nunquam promiſſa negavi
Præmia, vel ſi quid merui, nunc perfice votum.
Non mihi mens ſuadet ſubvertere cuncta ruinâ;

Nec juvat horriſonis fluctus agitare procellis:
Si ſemel hæc feci, per læſi numinis iram;
Si Tyriis volui excidium depellere muris,
Non temerè hæc Juno: ſed nunc tibi mitior adſum,
Et pelagus mulcere volo, et compeſcere ventos.
Navigat oceanum claſſis, quam marte ferocem
Vidimus, et Gallo dantem nova jura rebelli.
Huic ſeſe præbet comitem pulcherrima Virgo,
Cara mihi ante omnes: hanc olim provida fovi,
Ingenuoſque dedi mores: huic quamlibet artem
Fæmineam infudi, ſanctum et virtutis amorem.
Quam nunc fert animus ſtabili, niſi fata vetarint,
Jungere connubio: at vaſti maris æquor arandum,
Et ſunt multa viæ ſubeunda pericla, priuſquam
Claſſi exoptatum liceat contingere portum.
Intereà fugit ad litus juvenilis amator
GEORGIUS, impatienſque moræ, loca queſtubus implet,
Incuſans graviter ventos, precibuſque fatigat
Teque deoſque omnes, claſſi ut ſua litora detur
Viſere, et ardenti veniat nova Nupta marito.
Jam ſileant fluctus, tempeſtateſque ſonoræ:
Jam faveant venti, turgeſcant lintea flatu,
Atque leves auræ navem comitentur euntem.
Hæc facito, et majora dabit tibi præmia Juno.
Prætereà memores condent altare Britanni
Ventorum regi; ſolvent tibi dona quotannis,
Atque tuum numen grati uſque in vota vocabunt."
Dixerat: at ſubito venti poſuere minaces,
Subſidunt fluctus, inflataque ſternitur unda;
Et per ſumma levis rapido volat æquora curſu
Claſſis, et Angliacis jam demum allabitur oris.

Guilielmus Ellis
Æd. Ch. Sup. Ord. Com.

AD PATRIAM.

O Tu, triumphis indies recentibus
Ornata, prole et bellicâ ſuperbiens,
Fœcunda victorum parens, Britannia,
En arma veſter GEORGIUS victricia
Molli repentè tradidit Cupidini;
Victumque ſe confeſſus, aſpexit ſuis
Potentiora regna cæci Numinis.
Tu pergis interim chorêas ducere;
Lyrâque feſtâ tibiæ admiſcens ſonos,
Pulſare terram virgines alacri pede
Jubes Britannas; quin et imbelli deo
Pæana lætum canere, victo GEORGIO.
"Quidni triumphos, inquis, exerceam novos,
Cum lauream GEÖRGIUS ramo volens
Mutare myrti, gaudio Britanniam
Potiore centum jam beat victoriis:
Hymenque, Amori ſe gerens antiſtitem,
(Sciens protervo Numini licentiam
Frænare apertæ frontis, et nimios ſales)
Sacro petitas vibret ex adyto faces?"
Cumulata creſcant, oro, longùm gaudia,
Creſcat triumphi grata materies novi,
Talique ſemper geſtias, Britannia,
Felix patrono: Diſcat ex illo torum
Nunc conjugalem veſtra pubes inſequi:
Dicatque poſthac regiâ ludens domo
Numeroſa proles, quanta ſint thalami bona;
Quæ ſola comparare virtus noverit,
Amanſque certi liminis Conſtantia,
Fideſque, pacis alma mutuæ parens,
Sanctique cuſtos lectuli ingenuus Pudor.

Georgius Glyn A. B. Coll. Linc. Socio-Commenſalis,
Baronetti Fil. Nat. Max.

EPITHALAMIA

Ω συμπολιται, χαρμονην χαιρειν πρεπει
Νυν δη μεγιστην, ωσπερ εκ τηςδ' ημερας
Απαντ' αρηγειν ὑμιν ἡ Τυχη θελει.
Ος γαρ σοφοισιν ευ πολιν βυλευμασι
Ορθωσεν αρτιως αναξ, εν τῃ φυσει
Το σωφρονειν τ' ειληχε θεσθητι θεων,
Αδελφα νυν μεν τωνδε βυλευει σαφως.
Εγημεν αρτι παρθενον σοφωτατην
Εθνων γεγωσαν, εικελην τε θεσπεσιοις,
Συν ἡ τα κρατη παντα και θρονυς νεμει.
Η μεν Βρεταννοις, ειπερ εγγενως επι
Τας συμφορας πατριδος καποικτειρει χθονα,
Αγαθα παρεξει παντα, κ' ειρηνης χαριν.
Θαλερῳ δε μνηστῃ δωρα μεν θελκτηρια
Ερωτος εκδιδωσιν, ἱλαραν φρενα,
Μορφης κλεος τε θειον· ἡ δε συμμαχος
Χαρις απ' ομματων καλων σαζει ποθον
Κυπριν, φυσσα μειλιχην ψυχῃ χαριν.
Ανακτες ω φερεσοι, αλλ' ὑμας θεοι,
Φιλοτητος ἁγνης και γαμων επισταται,
Ευεργετοιεν, μητε δυσβορος ατη
Βιον μαραινῃ, μητε φθονεροις πικραις.
Θαρσειτ' ερωντες, εν θεοισι τυτο γαρ
Πανολβιοις ενεστι, και θεων γονοις·
Φιλυμενοι χαιρουσιν αλληλων ὑπο.

Guilielmus Trevanion Barlow
Coll. Oriel. Commensalis.

THE heav'n-born Muſe, who ſcorns in venal lays
To varniſh crimes with undiſcerning praiſe;
Who dares with honeſt freedom to divide
The Patriot's virtue from the Hero's pride;
Whoſe theme is Peace, and all the lovely train
Of cultur'd Arts that deck her modeſt reign,
With buſy ſearch and ſtudious care had long
Explor'd, to find meet argument of ſong,
Each clime remote, from where fell Boreas' chains
Bind with chill graſp the furr-clad Ruſſian's veins,
To where the fierce intemperance of the ſun
Scorches the ſable Indian's burning zone.
Vain was the ſearch; lo! all the nations round
Rag'd Mars beſmear'd with blood — "Where ſhall be found
The tranquil ſcenes of Peace? what lonely ſhade,
What olive-grove detains the meek-ey'd maid?
Albion remains unviſited;" ſhe cries:
Then o'er the ſubject main with eager pinion flies.
There dwelt the Goddeſs: ſee yon favour'd Iſle
Amidſt the din of arms ſecurely ſmile:
Behold the royal hand pour foſtering dew
On ſofter arts, and bid them bloom anew.
For Mars's lance lo! Hymen's torch diſplay'd!
For fierce Bellona ſee! the bridal Maid!
With graceful ſtep to GEORGE's arms ſhe moves:
And in her train the Graces and the Loves:
Loud is the general joy — the echoing air
With deaf'ning clamours hails the royal Pair;
Each eye on CHARLOTTE dwells, well-pleas'd to find
Each winning grace proclaim her princely mind,
While from attractive virtue beam ſerene
Auſpicious dawnings of a Patriot Queen.
Hail royal Pair! Britannia's ſceptre ſway,
And teach her ſons, 'Tis freedom to obey.

Evan Lloyd M. A. of Jeſus College.

STill Britain ſits amid ſurrounding waves
The ſcourge of Gallic pride; ſecure ſhe mocks
Each vain attempt, each impotent aſſault,
Sole arbitreſs of Europe; ſtill ſhe holds
The well-pois'd balance of contending pow'r;
Religion, Law, and Liberty ſtill keep
Faſt by the royal throne their ancient ſeat,
Built on domeſtic harmony and peace;
Iſland of bliſs! ſuch high prerogative
Hath Heav'n beſtow'd, and with unſparing hand
Still heaps unnumber'd bleſſings on thy ſons.
Adorn'd with every ſoul-attracting charm
That conſcious virtue gives, ſee CHARLOTTE comes
To grace a youthful Monarch's brilliant throne.
Too long, alas! the envious winds detain'd
This promis'd boon: at length She comes, to give
A Sov'reign and his nation joy, to ſooth
His anxious ſoul bent with the weighty care
Of kingdoms, faithful partner of his toils!
And to his well-plann'd counſels join her own,
Enforc'd with ſoften'd ſenſe and modeſt grace.
When far remote from each obſerving eye,
Far from the glare of dazzling pomp, retir'd
From courts and ſenates, the illuſtrious Pair
Shall ſeek in pleaſing ſolitude repoſe,
Then ſtately Hampton opens to their view
The winding allies, and the high-arch'd ſhades;
There they, in ſweeteſt converſe oft engag'd,
With warm benevolence of ſoul ſhall plan
Britannia's weal: or Richmond's terraſs'd height,
Where erſt great CAROLINE was want to place
Her chief delight, aſcending, ſhall ſurvey,
In heart-felt rapture and attention loſt,
The golden harveſts and the broider'd meads,
Villas in high-embow'ring ſhades; while Thames,

Laden

Laden with all the riches of the main,
Winds in reſplendent majeſty along.
  Thus they in ſolitude and princely eaſe
Shall paſs the fleeting hours: yet ſtill they mourn
Germania's hapleſs fate, where now, full-gorg'd
With chriſtian blood, fell Slaughter ſtalks around,
And ſcatters deſolation o'er her plains.
  When GRANBY bids the vanquiſh'd foe reſign
His ſword, and give the wearied world repoſe;
When Pruſſia's royal Eagle ſoars aloft
Above the reach of Auſtrian pride, and Peace
Wide o'er the earth extends her downy wings;
Then the fond mother claſping to her breaſt
Her ſmiling babes, ſhall teach the infant train
To liſp in fault'ring accents CHARLOTTE's praiſe,
And GEORGE's triumphs high: the labouring hind,
Plodding his weary way o'er waving fields,
Fatten'd with human gore, ſhall bleſs the change,
And pour in ſongs of gratitude his ſoul.

George Rugely
Scholar of C. C. C.

QUìd gravis ſemper tuba rauca belli
  Perſonet terras? Satis, ô, ſuperque
Sævus armorum fremitus dolentem
  Terruit orbem.
Poſtulas molles, Hymenæe, cantus;
Carmen at dignum face nuptiali
Quis tibi reddet? lyra quæve tantos
  Æquet amores?
Muſa ſed geſtit levis, inter urbis
Gaudium, ludoſque, dieſque feſtos,
Artis ignaram, ſtudio jubente,
  Tollere vocem.

EPITHALAMIA

Hoſpes ô, ſedes patrias relinquens,
Regium fauſto repetas maritum
Omine, ô regum CAROLETTA priſcâ ex
Stirpe propago.
Linqueret quæ non veteres penates,
GEORGII ſperans thalamos? at una
Digna tu regis ſolio Britanni,
Digna cubili.
Tuque, quem, ſorti alterutri paratum,
Perfidos caſtris agitare Gallos
Anglia exultans videt, aut ſubactis
Tendere olivam,
Dum tibi ſalvum imperium tueris,
Pectore infixum populi volentis,
Diſce quid caſti poterint Amoris
Mollia regna.
Mitte Mavorti ſpolia et triumphos,
Fata Gallorum, domitoſque Mauros;
Cura pauliſper procul omnis eſto,
Præter amorem.
Luce ſic Phœbus ſimul ac renidens
Vividâ, lætum recreavit orbem,
In ſinum pulchræ Thetidis recedit;
Alter et idem.
Hic tibi portus, requieſque certa,
Turbines inter medioſque fluctus,
Suppetat feſſo; nec amata læto
Otia deſint.
Serus in cœlum redeas, tibique
Sit patri proles ſimilis, futurum
Anglicæ genti columen, ſuæque
Gloria ſtirpis.

Guilielmus Burland A. M.
Coll. Nov. Socius.

OXONIENSIA.

PRopitious Hours! who lead the jocund dance,
And thro' your mazy round conduct the years;
Who crown'd the warm embrace, when Time firſt woo'd
The bed of Space, and gave Creation birth;
Offspring immortal! ever-living Powers!
All, all is yours, whate'er in Memory's page
Or ſacred annals faireſt ſtands, nor leſs
The goodlieſt monuments by nature rais'd:
Propitious ſtill bend on your eaſy way,
Greeting fair CHARLOTTE's native charms, awak'd
To bloom of life, and every ſocial joy,
By Hymen's torch, and GEORGE's purer flame:
A boon befitting well the Patriot Prince
Who blends his Britain's welfare with his own,
Where both live center'd in his inmoſt ſoul.
Yet O! if ſounds can check your ſwift career,
Forgive th' officious Muſe, whoſe pious zeal
Fain would retard your haſty ſteps; and bend
Downward your ear, to catch from every tongue
The heart-felt pray'r for numerous progeny,
For halcyon days, and every choicer gift!
GEORGE claims the votive lay; — O! hear the ſong
Which duty, ever buſy, joys to pay;
Fair Iſis' ſong; harmonious as thoſe ſpheres
Whoſe melting ſounds, for mortal ſenſe too fine,
Enwrap your ears with exquiſite delight.
Nor longer ſtay, lead on the jocund dance,
And realize the promis'd ſcenes of bliſs;
Draw faſt the love-wrought knot, whoſe myſtic folds
Congenial hearts indiſſolubly tye!
While many a boy, whoſe ſoft auſpicious ſmile
May ſooth the mother's pangs, and early fill
Her glowing breaſt with conſcious joy, ſhall bring
Succeſſive tranſports to the nuptial bed,
Entailing happineſs on GEORGE's love.

And as ye trip along, O! raiſe ſome pen
Whoſe vivid touch, in colours ever bright,
May character the glories of his reign,
And paint the bleſſings of their mutual choice;
May boaſt in tuneful numbers, how the Muſe
Sat blooming with her train on Iſis' banks
Serenely ſmiling at her honours won!
May tell how every ſcience, every art,
Protected by their foſt'ring care, attain'd
A juſt perfection; how Religion trimm'd
Her holy lamp, and gave a brighter flame,
While Virtue ſmil'd, and Merit wore the palm.
Ages to come ſhall wonder at the tale
As by poetic fancy richly dight,
Saturnian times, and fabled days of gold.
But when replete with honours, as with years,
The matchleſs Pair ſhall yield to fate's decree,
Eternity your fire ſhall cloſe the ſcene,
Encircling both with ever-blooming wreaths,
When Fame, the Muſe, and Time ſhall be no more.

Phipps Weſton M. A.
Demy of Magd. Coll.

AUratam CAROLETTA ratem cum freta deorum
Scanderet auſpiciis, ſtupefactis navita luſtrans
Luminibus ſacros formæ juvenilis honores,
Hæſit, nec meminit laxos immittere funes.
Teutonicæ intereà nymphæ, pulcherrimus ordo,
Extremi dominæ ſolvebant munus amoris.
Tu, dulci accepto qui pondere lætior ibas;
Quam vitreis tum ſub thalamis tibi reddidit Echo
Conſcia, fatidicam referas, pater Albi, loquelam.
"Noſtri virgo chori præſes dilecta, valeto;
Carpe viam, quam ſuadet amor, quam gloria monſtrat:

Virgo,

Virgo, decus patriæ, valeas; tibi dona roſarum
Ferremus, myrtuſque: externo at litore conjux
Victrici decorare parat tua tempora lauro.
Jam quoties albis ſubjectum rupibus æquor
Anxius explorat! quotieſque morantia culpat
Flamina! nec curas norunt mulcere, Britannûm
Fidus amor, raptique ſubacto ex hoſte triumphi.
I; dominam tria regna vocant; ardentia gentis
Expleat eximiique mariti vota, pudoris
Ingenui decus, ac artes tibi mille placendi,
Gratior et pulchro ſplendet quæ corpore virtus.
O! quos tum, GEORGI, corde exultante tumultus
Agnoſces? vel quo plauſu centena ſonabunt
Oppida? recluſit neque portus lætior olim
Anglia, cum thalamos FREDERICI AUGUSTA petebat.
Ille heu — ſed nato, patri quos dempſerit, annos
Apponet Deus incolumi: vos mutuus ardor
Connubio junget ſtabili; candentibus Hymen
Uſque toro incumbens pennis nova gaudia fundet.
Mox aulâ ludet mores edocta parentum
Parvula progenies: felix jactabit alumnos
Albion egregios; et cum quis clarior artes
Pacificas colet, aut Pariſina ad mænia currum
Victor aget, ſeris genitrix dicere Britannis,
Nec Fama ingenti celebrem Te prole tacebit.
Cara, vale; partâ meritis potiare coronâ."
Vixdum finierant, cum fauſta crepantibus Euris
Carbaſus intumuit: nymphas Regina benigno
Sæpius indigenas vultu reſpexit — euntem
Injuſſi laudant gemitus, lacrymæque ſequaces.

Ricardus Philipps
Coll. Pemb. Sup. Ord. Com.
Baronetti Filius unicus.

EPITHALAMIA

OF grief in ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Shall Elegy no more complain:
From Iſis' ſons no longer flow
Sad tears of ſympathetic woe.
Themes more joyful, themes of pleaſure
Now demand a ſprightlier meaſure.
Come then Muſe of merry ſong;
Come, inſpire the genial throng.
Ill ſung the bard, whoſe ſtrains decree
"That love and grandeur ne'er agree;"
Both united now advance,
Hymen joining in the dance.
Now the dimpling Graces ſmile,
Haſt'ning to Britannia's iſle.
Phœbus here directs his car
From the clanging din of war,
Bringing ſafe thro' hoſtile fires
The object chaſte of ſoft deſires.
Nor watch'd the God with half the care,
When, at his injur'd ſervant's pray'r,
He led Chryſeis o'er the main
Back to her ſire and native plain,
As when ſecur'd from threat'ning harms
He CHARLOTTE gave to Brunſwic's arms.
Grim Mars reluctant ſmil'd aghaſt,
As the royal Virgin paſs'd:
Ev'n the fell Coſſac look'd aſkance,
And trembling dropt his quiv'ring lance.
In golden letters write the day,
Which did o'er boiſterous ſeas convey
That gem, which Strelitz, favour'd town,
Transferr'd to deck Britannia's crown.
In vain ſad vict'ry grac'd his ſword,
And foreign climes own'd GEORGE their lord;

In

In vain his conqu'ring fleets had run
From riſing to the ſetting ſun,
Had not fair CHARLOTTE deign'd to ſmile,
And empire's tedious toils beguile.
  Hail Britain! fav'rite iſle of heav'n!
To whom it's choiceſt goods are given.
In thee what heroes, patriots, ſhine!
A GRANBY, HAWKE, and PITT, are thine.
A Queen is thine, in whom are join'd
A graceful mien, a ſpotleſs mind,
In whom thoſe heav'n-born virtues meet
Which conſtitute the truly great:
A king is thine, whoſe nurturing hand
Fondly protects his native land,
Who curbs a bold licentious age,
As Titus, good; as Neſtor, ſage.
  Th' ecſtatic charms, which kindeſt fate
Reſerves to bleſs the marriage ſtate,
Great Prince, be thine; be thine t' enjoy
Thoſe nuptial ſweets which never cloy;
And may from this fair union ſpring
Some royal pledge, a future king,
Who fir'd with virtue's genuine flame
Shall emulate his parent's fame,
Shall, like his ſire, ſeek true applauſe
From watching o'er his country's laws,
Like him purſue the paths of praiſe,
Aſpiring to our halcyon days,
When Faction dropt her hydra head,
To Gallia's ſhore Corruption fled;
When Flattery's place plain Truth ſupply'd,
And Virtue was the ſtateſman's guide;
When Honeſty and Freedom ſhone;
When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE fill'd the throne.

Philip Williams Scholar of New College.

EPITHALAMIA

ΙΣΙΔΙ πρ̃ πρωην αλαλημενος οιος ἑωθεν,
Εξαιφνης φρασαμην ἱερῳ επι Δρυαδας αλσει,
Καλα χορον ςησασας ὑπαι δενδροισι σκεπωσι.
Εν δε δυω ταισιν γαμον ὑμνολογησαν Ανακτος,
Φηγοφιλη τε και Ευκιμερω, ςεφανοισι κομωσαι·
Πρωτη δ' Ευκιμερω μολπης εξηρχεν αμοιβης.

Ευκ. Αδδην θριξι νεκυν καταεισαμεν ηδη, αδελφαι,
Και βασιλευς ελαβεν δακρυα πολλα καμων.
Ου χρη αει θρηνειν, θανεειν γαρ πασι πεπρωται,
Αρχων δ' ἡμετερος πȣλυετηρος εβη.

Φηγ. Αλγεων και λυγρων κοπετων λωφειτε, Βρεταννοι,
Νυν γαρ εὔφραινον ςηθεα χαρμα βροτων
Κυδρον εφ ὑμετεραν ανετειλατο πατριδα γαιαν,
Ηλιος ὡςε κεδων ηεροεντα γοον.

Ευκ. Μηκετι σκυθρωπη θαῤῥειτ' επιφαναι ανια,
Ευτε προπαντα χαρας γηθοσυνης τε βρυει·
Νυκτα δι' αμβροσιην ȣ ακουσαμεν, ὡς ποτε, θρηνων,
Παντας δ' ανθρωπȣς νηδυμος ὑπνος εχεν.

Φηγ. Ηνιδε εν ῥαμνοις πυκιναισι καθιζει αηδων,
Ας δε αηδονιδας πενθει ουκετ' αει·
Νυν γαρ λαροτεροις μελεσιν κατεκηλε μεριμνας,
Κοινῳ δε γλυκεραν χαρματι μȣσαν αρει.

Ευκ. Γεωργιον ὑμνεομεν Βρετονων πριπυςον Ανακτα,
Γεωργιον, ὁς ποιμην μειλιχος εςιν ἑοις·
Η μαν αρχομενους φιλει τε, και αντιφιλειται,
Κἀξ ολβȣ τηνων λαμβανει αυτος ἑον.

Φηγ. Χαιρε δε και, Δεσποινα, προσερχομενη πεδον Αγγλων,
Τρις γε μεν ασκηθους ενθαδε χαιρε πλοος.
Η ῥα δε, πριν πλευσαι σ' ὑπερ ατρυγετοιο θαλασσης,
Αγλαȣ ηοθομενη σειο γεγηθα κλεȣς.

Ευκ.

Ευκ. Τοι μεν επικρατεως, Βασιλευ, συγχαιρομεν ἡμεις;
Ουνεκ' αριζηλω τηςδ' αλοχοιο τυχες·
Σπερδαια γαρ οαρ τελεθει μεγα κερδος ακοιτη,
Η πρεπει αλλαων κραι δεμας, ηδε φυην.

Φηγ. Αλλα σε, Χαρλοτη, μακαριζομεν, ω κυδιοπι,
Ηγ' ευρυκρειοντ' ανερα τοιον εχεις,
Ου κλεος αρχοντων αλλων ὑπερεκπεσε τοσον,
Τυγ' ὁσον εν πινυταις αξιαγαστος εει.

Ευκ. Ητοι ελευθεροι πολυ κυδιοωσι Βρετανοι,
Ουνεκεν αυλοχθων Κοιρανος εστι σφισιν,
Τον κε μαλ' εκ βρεφεος μητης απτηλε μερμηνη,
Οφρα δικην, αρετην, ηπιοτητα δαη.

Φηγ. Και δη τοι μεν αει χρηαζ μελετωτο εκεινοις
Εν αγανοφροσυνη, πειθομενοις τε φιλας·
Ολβιοι ηδ' επι μαλλον αγαλλιοωντο Βρεταννοι,
Γεωργιε ευμηρω σκηπτρον εχοντος ἑον.

Ευκ. Αλλα και αμφιαλον τοδε νησον, ὡ νυ αναστεις,
Ω Βασιλιστα φιλη, σοι πολυτιμον εοι·
Ουτω γαρ μεγαλης δοξης, αινυ τε τετυξη,
Εν δε βροτων φυλοις αμφιβοητος εση.

Φηγ. Αμφω χαιροιτον, Βρετοσιν χαριεντε, Σεβαστω,
Δηρον ονησαιαθον σφωιτεροιο γαμυ·
Αλληλυς τ' αγαπωντε αμωμονας ὑας εχοιτον,
Οιπερ αν οπλοτεροις κυδος εσοιντο μεγα.

Ως νυμφαι μολπην τε χοροιτυπιαν τε επαυσαν·
Ταυτα δ' εγωγ' επαινησον ενι φρεσι μερμηριζων.

Stephanus Pemberton
Coll. Linc. Com.

EPITHALAMIA

WHen GEORGE was call'd to ſway fair Albion's iſle,
Virtue ſtood liſt'ning to the trump of Fame;
And She, who whilom ſtray'd in pathleſs ſhades,
Far exil'd from the guilty haunts of men,
With ſmile ſerene and gentle majeſty
Approach'd the throne; with rapture hail'd a Prince,
Without the pomp of ſceptres, truly great;
And, on the ſyren Pleaſure's treach'rous lures
While ſtill he frown'd unſhaken, truly good.
But oh! how glow'd the goddeſs, when ſhe heard
A King with Roman eloquence diſplay
The dictates of a wiſe and honeſt heart.
Then meekly kneeling to the King of kings,
With ardent voice ſhe thus her prayer addreſs'd.
" May he, whom thou o'er Britain's ſons haſt thron'd,
Long, very long, a grateful nation bleſs;
And feel no dire diſeaſe to caſt a gloom
O'er all their joys, and blaſt their blooming hopes!
At length, bid Victory ſheath the monarch's ſword:
'Mid his freſh laurels be the olive twin'd;
While Britain, firm in unity at home,
Gives welcome peace to the contending world.
Yet, till that day, to calm the royal breaſt,
And ſooth it's toils, O! ſend ſome choſen boon!—
But gracious Heaven anticipates my wiſh:
A Princeſs comes! by nature form'd to pleaſe;
Her voice ſpeaks rapture; every action, grace:—
Meekneſs of temper; goodneſs like his own:
A mind, where reaſon rules, and gives the law
To each ungentle paſſion! See, ſhe views
Her ſhouting people with parental eye,
So mild her thought humane! ſhe comes to lull
The wakeful cares, that watch around a throne,
And eaſe his labours for the public weal.
To form their mutual happineſs compleat,

A nu-

A num'rous offspring ſend; a ſmiling train,
Whoſe prattled tales may ſweeten life, and ſhed
The balm of peace on their declining years.
And when (lo! virtue ſhudders at the thought!)
When cruel fate, to crimſon-veſtur'd kings,
Or cottag'd peaſants, with impartial hand
Alike relentleſs, cuts the thread of life,
And death ſhall veil their eyes; inſtead of crowns
That glitter for an hour, the richeſt gifts
Which mortals can beſtow for worthy deeds;
May wreaths immortal, ſuch as angels weave
For thoſe, who piouſly perform the parts
Aſſign'd them of this temporary ſtage,
Emblaze their brows, and may they ever ſhine
The guardian ſpirits of their favorite iſle."

Charles Willes M. A.
Third Son of the Right Honourable
The Lord Chief Juſtice *Willes*,
Fellow of Merton College.

AD VIRUM HONORATISSIMUM
SIMONEM COMITEM HARCOURT.

REgale dum Par fauſta vox faventium
Colit Britannûm; dum ſonos blandiſſimos
Effundit antris ſacra Muſarum cohors,
Vocale carmen ſuavitèr recinentibus;
Pertentat ima corda quæ penitùs tibi,
Senſus voluptas permeans jucundius!
En! ſemina altè jacta virtutis, tuo
Educta cultu, et rore miſſo cælitùs;
Quos ediderunt dulcè olentes floſculos,
Quâ germinârunt meſſe laudis ubere!
At crede, fructus, clare Vir, non decidet
Humi, labori conſitoris invidens,

Nec crebra fallet vota; quin repullulans
Tibi creſcet auctus mox novis honoribus,
Sinu repoſtus et vireſcet conſcio.
Jam nunc recentis pleniori flumine
Gaudî redundat, et reſurgit altiùs
Pectus; Britannis ducis ut ſpem navibus
Primam GEÖRGÎ; ſiſtis et in litore,
Diu moratam, mollè ridentem hoſpitem.
In te reſultat, quicquid aut offenſa vox
Plauſûs ſonaret, aut piarum funderet
Precum, carina dum vias raderet maris,
Priùs malignis heu retenta flatibus;
Induta donec gratiis juvenilibus
Virgo oris, acris ingenî leporibus
Inſtructa, morum et comitate ſimplici,
Refulſerat ſoſpes tuo ſub alite.
Hinc clarus inter prænitebis ordines
Procerum coruſcos; et nitebis clarior
Virtute, fundit quæ jubar perennius,
Quàm purpurati conſulis trabeæ nitor.
Ruris receſſum ſin petas umbratilem,
Dulcedine acti corda paſces temporis,
Memor uſque juncti connubî felicitèr;
Quum prata jam reptabis inter, Iſidis
Quæ lambit unda ſuavitèr volubilis.

Carolus Leigh Coll. Æn. Naſ.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis.

IF yet, as Fame reports, the royal ear
Deigns ſtoop indulgent to the lowlieſt voice
That courts attention, never ſhall the Muſe
Unheeded paſs, tho' ruſtic her attire,
Her voice tho' rude, and unadorn'd her ſong:
'Twas he that erſt inſpir'd it; as at eve
Muſing I roam'd, and caught the neighb'ring ſound

Of

Of rural merriment; around the ſheaf,
Enſign of plenty, rais'd, the jovial board,
With many a ſhout, and many a carol, ſung
Their annual labours ended — Who, methought,
Unmov'd, can view this peaceful ſcene, high crown'd
With Plenty's ſocial joys; while now, perhaps
E'en now, o'er half th' affrighted globe grim War
Spreads deſolation; and the penſive hind
With toil reluctant breaks the glebe, nor knows
For whom he rears the deſtin'd crop, what hand
Shall from his boſom tear the ſcanty ſheaf.
Lives there, whoſe eye ſhall here one moment pauſe
Contemplative, and ſhall he not look up,
With heart o'erflowing, to that riſing Sun,
Heaven's lateſt choiceſt gift, whoſe genial rays
Diffuſe theſe joys, and gild this peaceful ſcene?
Nor think, ye ſwains, to the contracted bounds
Of man's frail life (tho' ſure, if length of days
Attend on worth, his glory late ſhall ſet)
Your happineſs confin'd: Lo! yon tall Bark,
Gallant her ſails, her prow of burniſh'd gold,
Tho' winds and ſurging waves obſtruct her courſe,
Proud of her freight, and in that charge ſecure,
Defies the ſtorm! Hark, how the peopled ſhore,
With loud applauſe and acclamation, hail
The royal Conſort! O may every joy,
That Heaven, with choiceſt influence, e'er ſhed
On wedded love, delight of heaven, unite
Th' illuſtrious Pair! be every art employ'd,
Each little mark of tenderneſs unfeign'd,
And conjugal endearment, to fulfil
The prayer, long echoed from a nation's voice.
"May He, the Britiſh weal reſting ſecure
On wiſeſt counſel fix'd, and the great plan
For Europe's happineſs confirm'd, may He,
When from the public eye retir'd, and all

The tedious pomp that waits on regal ſtate,
Here taſte, of every toil, of every care,
Envied oblivion! — Hither, calm Repoſe!
Here ſpread, ſweet Cherub, here thoſe downy wings,
That ſmooth ſo rare the Monarch's thorny couch,
Nor reſt, but with the conſciouſneſs of worth."
Then, if to crown a nation's fondeſt wiſh
Mild Heaven diſdain not, ſhall he feel unmix'd
A father's joy, to fathers only known:
While oft, in ſocial converſe, he ſhall form,
On Britain's weal intent, the princely mind
To future greatneſs; and obſerve, well pleas'd,
The gleaming dawn of reaſon; or unfold
Th' hiſtoric page, and to his wond'ring view
Diſcloſe of ages paſt th' inſtructive ſcene.
There ſhall he mark the path that kings have trod;
Kings, who by nobleſt deeds of fame have rais'd
Their country's glory; not whoſe lawleſs rage,
Led by the fiend Ambition, dealt around
Wild havock; but whoſe ſteadieſt hand upheld
The ſword of Juſtice: thoſe, who cheriſh'd Peace;
Bade Commerce flouriſh, and propitious rear'd
The drooping head of Science: thoſe, who dar'd
Stem faction's tide, and call forth meek deſert
That ſhrunk from view, but with an eye ſevere
Daſh'd the bold front of baſe aſpiring men.
Such were the virtues that of old adorn'd
Him to whoſe foſtering hand Iſis firſt ow'd
Her ſeats of learning, and her ſacred towers,
Father of Engliſh liberty and law,
Illuſtrious ALFRED: ſuch, in Thee, great Prince,
The Muſe, who ſcorns, like thee, the flatterer's voice,
Pleas'd, can admire; who, with prophetic eye
Sees, at one glance, from this auſpicious morn
On Britain's iſle a tract of endleſs day
Beam forth, and ſhine thro' ages yet unborn.

W. Weller Pepys Student of Ch. Ch.

"O Eure, ventorum omnium gratiſſime,
Quotquot per æthram cærulam radunt iter,
Tu, ſive Thraciis cavernis delites,
Flabriſve jam Auroræ refrigeras ſinum,
Huc, huc adeſto, numen huc vertas, precor!
Haud, ſicut antea, deprecatur impiger
Agricola te, ruris timens honoribus,
Ne tetra peſtium et procellarum cohors,
Quæ nubilis pennis inequitabat tuis,
Cereris in arva ſtrage detonet gravi:
Quin thure multo tota gens Britannica
Supplex ad aras nomen invocat tuum:
At ô vocantem ritè lenis audias!
Pictæque protinus phaſeli carbaſa
Quæ Teutonum oris hæret, infauſto Noti
Diſtenta flatu, numinis tui impleas.
Impelle puppim! nam ſimul venuſtulam
Sponſam GEÖRGI convehit Britannici,
Britonumque vota Principi fidelium,
Qui te precans et increpans identidem
Molli jacet devinctus ægrimoniâ.
Impelle puppim! et ô amanti regio
Nympham benignus deferas amabilem!
Quam dum per arva provehis Neptunia,
Paterque Nerëus novam excipit ſinu
Ovante Doridem, et loquaces filiæ
Vitreis ſtupentes emicant ſedilibus,
Conchiſque ſuaviter canenti concinunt;
Tu voce blandiùs levi aſpirans choro,
'Hymen, io Hymen,' modos intercinas." —
Hos Muſa nuper, ſegnis impatiens moræ,
Patrii miniſtra gaudii, fudit ſonos.
Aſt onere demum ſplendido ſuperbiens,
Subremiganſque ſponte per magnum mare,

EPITHALAMIA

Portunus ecce! litori applicat ratem;
Verſiſque votis Muſa jam ſecurior,
" Latere pergas Thracio longùm ſpecu,
O Eure, ventorum omnium ingratiſſime!"

Joannes Kynaſton A. M.
Coll. Æn. Naſ. Socius.

ΟΥ θεμις, ω Βασιλευ, Βρετονεσσιν ὁς ιφι ανασσεις
Σκηπτρον εχων πατρωιον αφθιτον, ȣ θεμις εστι
Χαρμοσυνην κατεχειν, ὁτε Υμην, ἱρον αναυσας
Πυρ, στεφος αμβροσιον σοι ἑτοιμασεν ἱλαος ευνης·
Ισιαδες δε χοραι θαλαμῳ επι τῳδε χαρησαν,
Ηδυ τ' αειδομενον μελος Υμενα αυθις εχȣσι·
Μȣσαι γαρ, τον Ερωτα τον ἱμεροεντα φιλευσαι,
Δηθα συναλλαττειν κεινον τε Γαμοντε γλιχοντο.
Αλλα νυν εν πινυτῃσι περικλειτα Χαρολεττα
Κυδος θηλυτεραις, οφελος μεγα γειναμενοισι,
Καλα συναλλαξεν, φαιδρυνε δ' αριστον ανακτων.
Ειπετε δ', ω Μȣσαι, ὁτι μηδεποτ' ειδετε βωμον
Υμενος ἁπτομενον πυρι βελτιον', ȣτε λαχοντα
Αυτον Ερωτα γερας ποτε πριν χαριεστερον αλλο.
Ολβιε χαιρ' ω' ναξ, συ δε χαιρ' ω' νασσα φεριστα,
Χαιρετε αλληλοιν μονω αξιω· ȣτε γαρ αλλως
Ποιησαι μακαριστον ανακτα δυνησατ' Ολυμπος.
Α δε μονον Χαρολεττα Γεωργιον αντιφιλοιτο.
Δην κυδος Βρετονεσσ' ευδαιμονες ἡκετ' ανακτες·
Οι δε τε τισειαν, φιλοτητα χαριν τε διδοντες.
Δηθα βιη θυμῳ, καλλος δε τε σωματ' επεστω,
Πλειστα δε τεκνα ταχιστ' επι γȣνασι παππαζοιεν,
Αγλαοι, ὡς ὑμεις, Βρετονων μελλοντες ανακτες.

Edvardus Yeſcombe
Coll. Div. Joh. Bap. Socius.

ODE TO THE QUEEN.

FAvour'd of Heav'n! on whom the Graces wait,
To whom the Virtues ev'ry gift impart,
In thee confeſt we own whate'er is great,
The nobleſt ſentiments, the tend'reſt heart;
From ſcenes of death, thrice welcome to this iſle,
Secure where Plenty, Peace, and heav'n-born Freedom ſmile!

How bleſt thy lot! no trumpet's ſhrill alarms
At midnight hour ſhall pierce thy trembling ear,
No ſoldier's lawleſs ſhout, nor claſhing arms
Shall rack thy tortur'd breaſt with endleſs fear;
No longer ſhalt thou view repining ſwains
Lament in ſpeechleſs grief their deſolated plains.

No tott'ring walls enwrapt in hoſtile fires
Shall ſadly ſink before thy pitying eye;
Torn from the mother's breaſt no babe expires;
No groans of ſhrieking widows rend the ſky;
The ſword impure affails no hoary head;
No hapleſs virgin weeps her violated bed.

Far other ſcenes theſe happier plains afford,
This ſcepter'd iſle! the golden harveſt here,
Cut by the ſickle, not the ſoldier's ſword,
Falls when full-ripen'd by th' autumnal year;
With plenty crown'd, each ſhepherd, void of care,
In tranſport tunes his reed, and ſmiles at diſtant war.

Handmaids of peace, ſee ev'ry Art divine,
In ſweeteſt union, find a ſure retreat;
And, foſter'd here, with brighter luſtre ſhine,
Than erſt in Greece or Rome, their boaſted ſeat;
Nor ſilent ſits the Muſe whoſe ſacred ſtring
Bids live in verſe immortal Albion's beſt-lov'd King.

Such ſcenes as theſe beſt ſuit thy gentle heart,
For thou canſt taſte the joys which others know;
Yet not unconſcious to another's ſmart
Canſt bid the ſympathetic tear to flow;
O when thou heardſt thy ravag'd country groan,
Thou feltſt her ſlighteſt wounds, and mad'ſt each pang thine own!

Theſe were the charms that fixt the Monarch's choice;
He ſaw thee grac'd with ev'ry nobler art;
He knew thee worthy of a nation's voice,
Form'd not to pleaſe alone, but gain the heart;
He ſaw, with female elegance refin'd,
In thee reflected back the image of his mind.

William Henley
Gentleman Commoner of Chriſt-Church.

CLamores ſtrepituſque, gratulantûm
Quos nuper Britonum excitabat ardor,
Infans, ut placido ſopore rupto
Audivit, trepidum caput retorquens,
Cum fletu querulo, in ſinum parentis
Converſos tulit abdiditque vultus.
At Mater, placidè intuens tenellum,
Amplexuque fovens ſibi arctiori,
Subriſit lacrymoſè; et "Invidendam
Num ſic fers (ait) ô miſelle, ſortem?
Tene, ah deliciæ meæ! ſecundos
Sic plauſus temerare, et univerſam
Quâ vox publica ritè conſecratum
Tollit lætitiâ ſub aſtra Regem?
Atqui te, mea Vita, te ſalutant

Hæc

Hæc præludia, te vocant beatum;
O felix puer auſpicantis ævi!
O viſure dies! — dies, remoto
Quos viſu ſibi paululùm retectos
Coram perſpicere ac prope intueri
Certabant atavûm preces tuorum,
Nequicquam, — tibi ſorte deſtinatos.
At tu, nil cupiens, nihil futuri
Curans, Parvule, tollis ejulatum
Triſtem ſcilicet improbumque — neſcis,
Ah neſcis, quoties, ad hæc recurſans,
'Solennis mihi, ſanctiorque (dices)
Natali proprio, dies ſit ille,
Ex quo, cum ſociâ tori jugalis,
Aſſumpſit diadema, et auſpicatos
Regni GEORGIUS ordinabat annos!'
Tecum ætate, Puer, pari juventus
Creſcet regia; tu tui videbis
Ex hoc conjugio bono profectum
Non unum columen decuſque ſecli.
Tu, fauſtâ vice lætus impetratæ
Pacis, quemque ſuâ videns ſub umbrâ
Sedentem placidis frui diebus;
Tu, depicta mero notans locorum,
Quotquot GEORGIUS, hoſte fraudulento
Erepta, addiderit ſuis Britannis;
Hæc (dices) ſibi noſtra jactat ætas!
Ecquid lætius hoc, beatiuſve
Contingat tibi? quid ſuo precata,
Quid majus voveat parens alumno?"

Lucas Pepys
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

EPITHALAMIA

SHepherds, chaunt the rural lay;
Hail with mirth the jocund day:
Haſte, and with you bring along
Nymphs to join your chearful ſong;
Then, with lovely myrtle crown'd,
Deftly let us dance around;
Come and hail your Monarch's bride,
Pan ſhall guard your fleecy pride:
Echo, learn this welcome ſtrain,
"The golden age revives again."

See the royal Maid appears,
Lovely in the bloom of years:
Welcome to theſe happy plains,
Where a blooming Monarch reigns;
Plains, protected by his care
From the dreadful waſte of war;
Plains, where copious rivers ſtray,
Scatt'ring plenty in their way:
Welcome hear this joyful ſtrain;
"The golden age revives again."

May, O King, thy royal mate
Quick diſpel the cares of ſtate!
As the ſun at op'ning day,
Drives the gathering miſts away.
May you both for ever prove
Happy in your mutual love.
May thy ſwains in many an air
Sing the royal bliſsful Pair:
And Echo learn this jocund ſtrain,
"The golden age revives again."

May thy glorious progeny,
Like their Mother, like to Thee,
Honour'd by our Britiſh ſwains,
Bleſs our peaceful fertile plains.
When (tho' late) you quit the ſtage,
Happy in a good old age;
When kind Heav'n beſtows on You
Bleſſings to your virtues due;
Bards ſhall ſing, "In GEORGE's reign
The golden age reviv'd again."

Philip Griffin
Commoner of St. Edm. Hall.

MUSA, quæ ſaltu procul infrequenti
Sæpe ſylveſtri recubas ſub orno,
Quam juvat vivax nitor et perennis
Gratia rami;
Muneris veſtri eſt, meritum virenti
Quòd caput lauro foliiſque myrti
Splendeat, quódque incolumi fruatur
Frondis honore:
Sin adhuc reſtent violæ roſæque;
Siqua caltharum, per aprica teſqua,
Rarior ſerò ſupereſt venuſtas,
Necte corollam,
Necte, diſtinctam vario colore,
Et die dignam, Dea, nuptiali;
Quâ comas felix CAROLETTA ritè
Vincta niteſcat.
Hanc et imponant Charites decoris
Crinibus vittam; neque diſplicebunt
Simplicis Muſæ leviora magnæ
Munera Sponſæ.

Henricus Peckham Coll. Nov. Socius.

"VIſions of glory croud yon diſtant view,
Bleſſings for Britain's future ſons reſerv'd!"
Prophetic thus, whilom the Druid ſage
With energy divine enraptur'd ſang.
For much of late the ſacred fountain's rill
Renown'd of wond'rous pow'r to purge the ſight,
Which 'neath the moſs-grown vault its channel hides
Avoiding gariſh day, he viſited;
And with myſterious rites the waters lav'd.
Forthwith a gen'rous ardor fill'd his heart,
Which vigorous the purple tide of life
With frequent pulſe impell'd; and overſpread
His hoary features with unwonted bloom,
Reſembling former youth: graceful he ſtood
On the ſteep mountain's verge; his aged hands,
New-nerv'd with joy, demand th' obedient harp,
And chords ſymphonious, yielding ſweeteſt ſound,
With nimble touch explore: the cavern'd rocks
Of holy Mona's iſle return his ſtrains.
"The various ſcenes, he ſang, with grandeur fill'd
Amaze my ſenſe; I ſee the furrow'd main,
See ſtately veſſels cleave th' oppoſing waves,
And gain the peopled ſhore; the bark reſigns
Its precious charge. — All hail! illuſtrious Maid,
Thy love ſhall temper with domeſtic joys
The toils of empire, and a Monarch's care.
Behold the Prince advance, with fondeſt looks,
Delighted view thoſe charms which virtue's ray
Informs with dignity, taught to expreſs
A mind by wiſdom rul'd, with ſweetneſs grac'd.
Lo! yonder, through AUGUSTA's thronged ſtreets,
In long proceſſion with majeſtic pomp
Proceed the gorgeous robes, the gems and gold
Refulgent, ſuch magnificence diſplay
As eaſtern pride ne'er equal'd, when Balbec

Mature

Mature in glory ſhone; or Egypt ſtrove
In greatneſs with Aſſyria's purpled kings.
At once ſee beauty, wealth, and ſtate conſpire
To bind the ſacred wreath on virtue's brow.
Of wide extent irriguous vallies, rich
With waving gold and copious harveſts, ſmile.
Lo! ſtately cities proud with glittering ſpires
That pierce the ſkies; their freedom and their laws,
Bleſt Prince, by thy protecting hand ſecur'd.
Remote obſerve the tented fields of war,
Where martial ſounds reanimate the troops
Inſpiring vigorous deeds and bold empriſe.
The ſhouts of triumph borne on every gale,
Britain! ſhall awe thy trembling foes to peace.
Intent I trace the ſhining upward path,
The Royal Pair aſcend yon mountain's height,
Where virtue, fame, and happineſs reſide:
Their ſons, ſucceeding ſons, ſhall rule and bleſs,
Through diſtant ages, Britons yet unborn."
He ceas'd; and lowly bow'd his reverend head,
Silver'd with age; the liſtening oaks around
Their giant arms in gratulation wav'd.

Edmund Lovell B. A.
Fellow of Merton College.

REgnante felix Anglia GEORGIO
Latè triumphat. Quæ regio, aut mare
Parere non ambit Britannis?
Gaudia quæ patriæ parenti
Addenda? Tu, qui ſceptra tenes maris,
Neptune; Tu, Mars armipotens, decus
Sparſiſtis immenſum per orbem,
Teſte polum per utrumque Phæbo.

EPITHALAMIA

Egone, dixit nata mari Venus,
Deſim vocanti? Nulla meæ inſulæ
Parabo dona? Heroa tantum
Muneribus decorabo nullis?
O Flos Britannæ gentis amabilis,
Dilecte GEORGI, Nympha tuis adeſt
Amplexibus; quâ pulchriorem
Non oriens videt occidenſve.
Donum deorum en accipe virginem
Sponſus beatus; Te vocat impiger
Hymen; en ardet fax jugalis:
Naſcere, fauſte dies, Britannis
Dature regnis progeniem, patris
Clarè ſequacem, conjugio ſatam
Spondente libertatem, et auctos
Perpetuâ ſerie triumphos.

R. Harriſon Aul. Magd.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis.

AMica Navis, merce quæ prædivite
Onuſta, velis leniter tumentibus
Curvos reviſis jam Britanniæ ſinus,
Volente rapta prorâ et acri remige,
Umbroſa quæ Te, filiam prænobilem,
Aut ſylva jactat, campus aut apertior,
Decus tuarum? Quo ferente, brachiis
Surſum patentibus tetigiſti nubila,
Pergratâ obumbrans fronde vicinos agros?
At ſive, toſtus ſole iniquo, vernula
Pinum indecorâ te manu nutriverit,
Docuitque amare litus Indici æquoris;
Aut, pulchra progenies Britannici ſoli,
Nativa quercus inter ilices tuos
Toto ſtetiſti vertice excellentior;

Secura

Secura tandem ſub favore regio,
Portu latebis; tamque grato munere
Perfuncta, nunquam tranſvolabis æquora
Incerta, vili aut deſtinata ponderi
Undas procelloſas timebis, aut rabiem noti.
  Quoties, relicto cum paterno litore
Britonum petebat, tuta diis faventibus,
Sedes beatas Sponſa nuper regia,
Tibique totam tradidit ſeſe duci;
Veſtram utriuſque quæſiit communibus
Votis ſalutem grata vox Britanniæ!
Metuenſque rerum incerta, et exitus novos,
Te, Navis invidenda, depoſiti tui
Semper tenacem optavit, et ſemper piam!
At crediti tibi interim Tu conſcia
Theſauri, iniquam riſeras iram maris;
Tandemque, nobis heu! diù ſperantibus,
Ponto ſubacto, litus advolaveras.
  Salve, fideli regiam cuſtodiâ
Tutata Sponſam: diſce tandem perfrui
Acti laboris munere haud ignobili.
Mox, cum expetiti GEORGIUS connubii,
Sponſâ probante, pacis et domeſticæ
Mellita carpens, vela tollet lintea
Zephyris vocatus et ſereno veſpere,
Tu ſola remis geſties nitentibus
Prorâque depictâ procul ſpectabilis,
Per Thameſini marmor æquoreum patris
Vectare gremio conſcio par nobile,
Docta otiari ſorte non ingloriâ.
Forſan nec ipſa Sponſa dedignabitur
Suo decorare, Cymba, te cognomine,
Seriſque poſthàc conſecrare ſeculis.

Carolus Penruddocke
Coll. Trin. Sup. Ord. Com.

EPITHALAMIA

To his Royal highness the Duke of YORK.

Written from Winchester-Camp.

YET once more, tuneful virgins! will I ſeek
Your ſoul-inſpiring grot, tho' abſent long
From your gay choirs, and from that much-lov'd ſtream
Romantic Iſis: but my boſom burns
To hail Charlotta, tho' the rugged ſtrains
May grate her poliſh'd ear, to ſweeteſt ſounds
Attun'd. O York! benevolent of ſoul,
Who feel'ſt for others bliſs, for others woes,
O ſpeak thy bliſs ſincere to ſee thy George
By ſmiling Hymen bleſt; thy George, endear'd
By every ſacred name, and holy tie,
King, Brother, Friend! Nor courts, nor pomp, nor power,
(So wont with ſordid thoughts the breaſt to ſear)
Thoſe tender feelings from thy heart can raſe
That beſt ennoble life, and far exalt
The man above the prince. Say, can the palms
Of glorious conqueſt, can remoteſt lands
To Albion's empire added, ſpicy Ind
To piny Canada, ſmooth-gliding Thames
To thundering Niagara join'd, can theſe
Without domeſtic bliſs a monarch charm,
A virtuous monarch? Lo! Charlotta form'd
To ſoften cares; by all the Graces taught
To make the Hours dance lightly; taught to ſmooth
The brow of buſineſs; the o'er-burden'd mind,
That in its mighty graſp ponders the good
Of grateful millions, to relieve; and heal
With ſmiles of love, and words of paſſion true:
But chiefly ſkill'd with muſic's potent airs
To pierce and win the ſoul, and with a voice

Soft

Soft as the ſouth that o'er ſweet Carmel blow'd,
To lap it in Elyſium. My fond tongue
Dwells with delight upon her favourite name,
And longs to praiſe her in ſuch raptur'd ſtrains
As erſt the Doric bard, Sicilia's boaſt,
Pour'd forth at Berenice's honour'd throne;
The wildly-warbling Doric bard, true child
Of Fancy and the Muſe, who charm'd the rocks
Of that poetic Iſle, in long ſojourn
Where late I rov'd, delighted with its vales,
And claſſic ſtreams, and cropt the luſcious fig
From fruitful Egilus: mean-while intent
To trace the ſteps of ancient art, the piles
Of mouldering theatres, the columns huge
Of Tauromenium! 'till by war's alarms
To Britain call'd, following my brave compeers,
My PITT and BRUCE. O, Names for ever dear!
By early ſtudies and true friendſhip join'd
In WYKEHAM'S ſacred walls, whoſe airy ſpires
And awful arches, rudely great, ariſe
In pleaſing proſpect from this tented Field.
Here, as I nightly rounding pac'd the plain
Beneath the glimmering moon, when the deep hum
Of buſy men was huſh'd, and all was ſtill
Save the ghaunt maſtiff, or yon village-cock,
Or penſive tinklings of the neighbouring fold;
Sudden a form appear'd, in iron mail
Of ancient guiſe; a ſapling oak his ſpear;
He wore his beaver up, and on his cheek
Simplicity was mix'd with grace: abaſh'd
I ſunk, and ſtruck with awe. "Behold, he cry'd,
Old Arthur, Britain's king. From yonder towers,
My maſſy Caſtle once, I come, at eve
Where on its ruins hoar I frequent ſit
Inviſible. With joy your generous toils
Have I ſurvey'd, who leave your cultur'd fields,

And pleaſant villas, for the din of arms,
And midnight watches in the chilling dew.
At this, pale Gallia trembles thro' her coaſts,
Mindful of Cherburg's fall; where thy lov'd Prince,
Much-honour'd York, firſt fleſh'd his maiden ſword;
Who now with mightier graſp intent to wield
Great Neptune's trident, o'er his realms ſhall roll
The delegated thunder. George ſhall cruſh
Each ſtubborn foe: and to remoteſt time,
I ſee, I ſee, his race to Albion give
Peace, plenty, power, wealth, liberty, and fame."

Richard Phelps M. A.
Fellow of New College.

PUppis, hyperborei ſeu te violentia venti,
Seu gravis hyberni detinet unda maris;
Carpe viam, pelago fidens te crede patenti,
Et fuge deſertos, fauſta carina, ſinus.
Ipſe pater pelagi ſtratas tibi leniet undas;
Æolus infeſtos molliet ipſe notos.
Eripiet ſaxis et ſyrtibus Amphitrite,
Soſpes erit mediis ſic tibi curſus aquis.
Quin age, carpe viam, et totis fluitantia malis
Turgida da levibus ludere vela notis.
Te cupidi noſtris dudum exſpectavimus oris,
Paſſi ſolicitæ tædia longa moræ.
Plurimus et ſaxi gelidâ vigil excubat arce,
Siqua procul ſummis lintea cernat aquis;
Plurimus æquoreis tulit anxia vota puellis,
Nec tamen optatam detulit ulla ratem.
Tuque adeò miſerere viri, Caroletta, futuri,
Et triſti dubios pectore ſolve metus.
Heu malè ſolicitas numerat nunc labier horas,
Et queritur tardos lentiùs ire dies:

Sæpe,

Sæpe, videns atro glomerari nubila cœlo,
Credit in æquoreis te periiſſe vadis;
Sæpe, putans placidos ſpirare faventiùs euros,
Si valet et vivit, cras, ait, Illa venit.
Anxia tu lentis abſolvas pectora curis,
Et memor in charos currito, nympha, ſinus.
Sic tibi feſtivi plaudemus ritè Britanni,
Et pueri, et comptis quæque puella comis.

Joannes Carver
Coll. Oriel. Com.

To the KING.

WHere ſhall the Muſe begin? Or where eſſay
To fix the bounds of her aſpiring lay?
Unnumber'd conqueſts, ſtretch'd before her ſight,
Diſtract the fancy, and retard her flight,
Still in variety of ſplendor loſt,
And doubtful or to praiſe, or wonder moſt.
Already ſee Britannia's ſtreamers fly,
Her white ſails furl'd beneath a frozen ſky;
See ſhaggy climes obedient to thy nod,
By all, but Britiſh valour, yet untrod;
Affrighted Seine hides her inglorious head,
And Ganges trembles to his utmoſt bed!
Go on, great guardian of thy country's fame,
And vindicate the terror of her name;
Wreſt from injurious Gaul the lifted ſword,
And teach her to revere her ancient lord:
The tutor'd Indian then no more ſhall rove,
Fearleſs of danger, thro' the pathleſs grove,
Sworn by his ſire, near Ohio's purple flood,
To earn th' accurſed price of Britiſh blood:

Stern war ſhall ceaſe, and peace returning dry
The tear faſt-flowing from the matron's eye;
The ſofter arts again ſhall bleſs our iſle,
Beneath the ſunſhine of a CHARLOTTE's ſmile.
Hail! holy harbinger of Britain's weal!
Reſerv'd by fate her bleeding woes to heal!
Come, to our vows propitious come, and bring
Celeſtial influence on thy dove-like wing;
Calm the fierce tumults of deſtructive rage,
And form the iron manners of the age!
Thus midnight hurricanes, while all is huſh,
On the vext wilderneſs impetuous ruſh,
Till on the eaſtern hills is ſeen from far
Aurora glitt'ring in her burniſh'd car:
Inſtant mild peace ſucceeds the dreadful ſcene,
The winds are lull'd, and every ſky ſerene.
Mourn, Father Thames, that adverſe winds had pow'r
To bend the pilot from thy deſtin'd ſhore,
Elſe had thy willing arms with pious care
To fam'd Auguſta borne the royal Fair:
What dazzling ſcenes of joy had then appear'd!
What ſhouts thro' all thy echoing ſhores been heard!
While the proud veſſel, conſcious of her freight,
Rode o'er thy ſubject waves in royal ſtate!
Leſs ſplendid triumphs grac'd thy ſilver tide,
Immortal Cydnus, when in blooming pride
Egypt's fair queen, with all her mimic train,
Paſt like another Venus from the main.
Ye powers! that rouze at will the angry deep,
Or bid unmov'd its harmleſs thunders ſleep;
Say why, regardleſs of Britannia's heir,
Ye deem'd his better half beneath your care?
I blame ye not — forgive, ye friendly gales!
Eager to ſpeed Britannia's flying ſails!
Kind providence awhile withheld the prize,
That, gain'd, its value might the higher riſe.

From

OXONIENSIA.

From fields of death, where ſlaughter'd thouſands lye,
Illuſtrious victor, turn thy ſated eye;
The milder arts of peace be now thy care,
The fleecy charge, and labours of the year:
By thee ſecure let commerce ſpread the ſail,
And waft rich treaſure home with every gale.
On the lone bank, and unfrequented green,
Full many a golden cowſlip dies unſeen;
To draw the hidden luſtre into day,
Each opening bud of merit to diſplay,
Be this thy glory! To the taſk ſucceed,
And with the laurel blend the olive meed.

Ye ſolemn temples! where in chaſte attire
Science, ſage Veſtal, guards her ſacred fire!
Ye awful fanes! whoſe hoary baſe beſide
Immortal Iſis rolls her Attic tide!
Religious ſcenes, that crown the watery vale,
The Muſe your meaneſt votary, bids ye hail!
O ſee your Sovereign watch o'er learning's cauſe,
Who ſcorns the ſervile ſtrains of bought applauſe:
Alike to liberty, and you, a friend,
He dares be juſt, and modeſt worth defend:
Late may he join the ſainted thrones on high,
And add another Alfred to the ſky!

William Sandys B. A.
Fellow of All-Souls College.

DUM tremuli frigent artus, atque ultimus errat
Spiritus ora ſuper, teneris amplectitur ulnis
CHARLOTTAM moribunda parens; lacrymanſque, ſuprema
Has tandem voces inter ſuſpiria fundit.
"I, Nata, Anglorumque ſuas pete regna per undas.
Te ridens exſpectat Amor; tædaſque jugales
Accenſurus Hymen ſocialia carmina pangit.
GEORGIUS ipſe etiam circa præcordia flammam

Solicitus nutrit, Sponſæque, accenſus amore,
Adventum rogat, et fugientes increpat horas.
Adventum vox una rogat; videorque videre
Connubii pompam, fremituſque audire ſecundos.
Exultans animus ſcenam meditatur inanem,
Perſentitque novas vires; trepidare laborans
Vena redit, tepiduſque fovet præcordia ſanguis.
Spes nimis, ah, fragiles! longæque crepuſcula noctis!
Urget opus, mortiſque inimicæ dextera cordis
Interiora quatit, tenebraſque obducit ocellis.
Quare age, Nata, precor, matris jam extrema loquentis
Accipias vocem, atque animo præcepta recondas.
Vive memor patriæ. Quanquam, diademate cincta,
Mox Britonum plauſu, et GEORGÎ gaudebis amore,
Vive memor patriæ. Quantas Germania turbas
Marte tulit! Strages pallâ ſuccincta cruentâ
Undique deſævit, populataque terra madeſcit
Uxorum lacrymis, et ſanguine ſparſa virorum.
Horreſco referens. At te, chariſſima Nata,
Te rogat invalidis mater complexa lacertis,
Vive memor patriæ, et tanti miſerere doloris.
Dumque ſuæ conjux, tereti cervice repoſtâ,
CHARLOTTÆ luſtrat veneres, numeroſve canentis
Aure bibit, liquidumque melos; tu lenia amoris
Arripe momenta, et ſuaves ex ore loquelas
Funde, petens blandæ Germanis otia pacis.
Sic tandem ſolitos mirabitur incola culmos,
Autumni fruges, et flavos meſſibus agros.
Intereà, ſecurus agens per rura juvencos,
Agricola inveniet, priſci monimenta doloris,
Enſeſque, heroumque effoſſis oſſa ſepulchris:
Et crebrò fundens memori de pectore grates,
CHARLOTTÆ nomen calamo reſonabit agreſti,
Et Britonum et GEORGÎ laudes, feſtoſque hymenæos.

Guilielmus Alder C. C. C.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis.

מי זה בתולת קדם
היולכה מארץ רחק לנו
אניות האלהים הסיענה
וים נשה לנהום לפנידה:

אם באה כמלכת סבא
לראות כבוד מלכנו
בנות ננידים ביקרותידה
וישתחוו לה בני סרים:

אכן את הברוכה בנשים
אכן בת מלכים את
המלך בחכמתך יחפץ
והתברך ברודיך:

הוא גור אריה יקים
וכלביא שובע בטרף
יצו לאפוס מלחמות
ונתן לארץ שלום:

גרגיוס הלחם אויביו
לא יכולו הנצל ממנו
הן הוא לרגליך יפל
והודך בעלת לבו:

נשי נא בית מולדותיך
כי אם לאמים תהי
ראי כתר נכון לראשך
ולקדקדך עטרת כתם טהר:

אתם יהוה חפץ בכם
בני נביאים לכם התפללוהו
ועם באחד קול אמרים
יחי המלך ואשת נעריו:

EPITHALAMIA

לא יסור שבט מהם לעד
ויהי כסאם כהרדי קדם
יהו בניהם כחול הים
וככוכבים יגו לעולם:

Benjamin Wheeler A. M.
Coll. Magdalen. Socius.

UNDE feſtivus ſonitus tubarum?
Unde clamores populi frequentis?
Eja! cur lætâ facie renident
Cuncta Britannis?
Nuptias GEORGÎ celebratis? ô, vos
Pergite alternis, pueri et puellæ,
Gaudia, et ſacros reſonare feſtâ
Voce triumphos.
Virgines caſtæ, juveneſque pulchri,
Ad lyram ducant agiles choreas;
Turba dum cantu ſocio ſenilis
Fauſta precatur.
"Sint dies nupto faciles utrique,
Incipe ô naſci generoſa proles,
Parvus ac anno redeunte ludat
GEORGIUS aulâ.
Curſu eat felix placido ſenectus,
Candidâ ſemper comitata pace;
Aurea et noſtras iterum reviſant
Secula terras."

Franciſcus Whitfeld
Coll. Univ. Commenſalis.

EXpertus omnes oceani vices
Quando expetitam viſeret Angliam
ANSONUS, emerſit verendus
Cæruleo Thameſis fluento,
Virum ſalutans his reducem ſonis;
"O ducte crebrò tempus in ultimum,
Salve, redonatus Britannûm
Litoribus, patrioque cœlo.
At non inani te maris arbiter
Ex tot periclis eripit omine;
Monſtrant honori deſtinatum
Eximio ſpolia hæc opima.
Munus deorum, te duce, portubus
Carina felix invehet Anglicis,
Quo clarius nil, pulchriuſve,
Claſſe tua peragratus orbis
Jactavit unquam — tempora conſcius
Futura pandam — quatuor Albion
Poſt luſtra committet tuenda
Indigenæ ſua jura Regi.
Gentis parenti gloria laureas
Innectet ultrò; dum mala Gallicas,
Haud auſa victori nocere,
Seditio petet exul oras.
Tali marito per freta conjugem
Ovante felix tu patriâ feres,
Amore perdignam mariti
Egregii, Britonumque ſceptris.
At fauſtitatem dum meditor tuam,
Prima inſularum, lingua ſilentio
Hæret ſtupentis — quin beata
Ocyùs ô properate ſecla."
Seni loquenti ter pede candido
Plauſit decentum Näiadum chorus:
Blando per auritas ſuſurro
Inſonuit CAROLETTA ripas.

Euſebius Iſham Coll. Magd. Semicom.

EPITHALAMIA

HINC procax autor ſcelerum, Cupido,
Qui novas ſemper meditaris artes,
Et venenatas acuis cruentâ
Cote ſagittas;
Aut, ciens ignes malè pertinaces,
Impares formas animoſque cogis
Sub jugum, luſum ſimul inſolentem
Matre probante.
Aſt Amor, firmo intemerata nodo
Corda qui jungis, ſocioſque purus
Suſcitas ignes, age, nec vocatus
Abnue vota.
Cernis, ut Nympham, populo volente,
Lætus in partem ſolii jugalis
Advocat Sponſus, thalamique primis
Fervidus annis?
Dum genâ riſum placidum modeſtâ
Indicem pulchræ CAROLETTA mentis
Exhibet; ſtipantque Fides, Pudorque, et
Gratia multa.
Candidas illuc properato pennas
Leniter vibrans: ibi thura dulce
Limen exhalat, cumulat tibique
GEORGIUS aram.
En! comes tecum ſocialis Hymen
Rite feſtinat, facilis vocanti:
Quid poteſt, illo ſine, veſtra cordi in-
-fixa ſagitta?
En! Fides et Pax alacres Britannos
GEORGII tandem auſpiciis reviſunt:
Secula en! verſis renovata currunt
Aurea fuſis.

Georgius Whitehorne Lawrence
Coll. Pemb. Sup. Ord. Com.

NOW was fair evening's hour. Along the groves
Young Thyrſis took his ſolitary way:
And much he mus'd on the heroic deeds
Of his compatriot Youth; and much he mus'd
On all his country's ſweet domeſtic joys;
Calm and ſecure amid the ſtorm of war
That ſhakes the neighb'ring nations. O how bright
The golden dawn of a third GEORGE's reign!
When lo! he paus'd — for thro' the length'ning glade
He ſaw two nymphs: This, by her golden lyre,
And glancing eye, he knew to be the Muſe,
That erſt had met him on his lonely walks.
The other nymph was Fancy. In the breeze
Her thin light veſtment floated, unconfin'd,
Its colours changing, as the changeful gale
Gave it a different flow. Upon her head
A Phenix perch'd. Where'er ſhe turn'd her eyes,
Ten thouſand airy and fantaſtic ſhapes
Flutter'd, and ſportive danc'd. Her hand upheld,
What ſeem'd a picture, to the Muſe's view,
Who long beheld it with attentive eye.
The youth ſhe beckon'd. He with ſilent awe
Approach'd. Mark well, young Briton, mark, ſhe ſaid,
That magic tablet: playful Fancy there
With her creative pencil oft delights
Things preſent, paſt, and future to pourtray.
The pictures move obedient to her will;
To give ſucceeding argument a place,
They diſappear, and at her beck return.
Paſſing in quick review before thy eyes
Thy country's glories it ſhall now diſplay:
Thoſe high atchievements, and thoſe fair events,
Which raptur'd verſe, and the hiſtoric page,
Shall to the lateſt ſons of earth proclaim.
See on a gorgeous throne Britannia ſits

Sublime, while antient Ganges at her feet
Pours out his golden urn blazing with gems.
  See next, unfurl'd in Afric's ſultry ſkies,
Britannia's banners wave. Her thunders there
Diſcharge their fury. Starting at the roar,
Clad in a lion's hide, ſee Niger lifts
His yellow head. Aghaſt he views the towers,
That crown'd his banks, now tumbling from their baſe.
  Enough, the Goddeſs ſaid, of conquer'd realms.
More pleaſing objects now ſhall charm thy view.
  See the lov'd Monarch mounts Britannia's throne
Amid th' acclaiming nations. To his breaſt,
(Glows not thy boſom, Briton, at the ſight!)
He claſps the charter of fair Liberty,
Who ſmiling here with firm yet reverent ſtep
Approaches, and to his attentive view
Unfolds the ample volume of her laws.
See mighty Alfred, bending from the ſkies,
Leans o'er the ſcene enraptur'd. From their haunts
Forth ruſh our ſiſter choir, and ſtrike their lyres
To notes of raviſhment. The blooming train
Of Science, all in freſheſt wreaths adorn'd,
Knit with the Graces, dance around their king.
  See next old Ocean ſmiling tells his waves;
A Nymph embarks upon his wat'ry plains:
For Her the Prince, to whom he has reſign'd
His green domains, prepares the nuptial bed.
And ſee, advancing o'er the placid deep,
A ſtately navy cuts its eaſy path,
Proud of its tackling gay. Th' admiring winds
Flutter delighted in its ſnowy ſails.
On ſaffron pinions Hymen hovers o'er,
Exulting waves his flaming torch around,
And throws a golden luſtre on the ſcene.
But mark that veſſel ſo above the reſt
Ornate; there rides the Nymph, propitious Heav'n

Still watchful of Britannia's weal, has doom'd
To bleſs thy Sov'reign's arms; and with her ride
The Graces, Virtue, Youth, and Innocence,
Her lovely train. Now whitening to the view
Riſe Albion's hoary cliffs. The crowded ſtrand
Impatient waits to hail its queen. See there
The ſails are furl'd; majeſtic on the ſhore
Steps forth the royal virgin, and diſplays
Her beauties to the loud acclaiming throng.
Then, bluſhing like the morn, ſhe ſeeks the dome,
Where the young monarch panting waits her charms.
The Goddeſs paus'd — Prophetic tranſports heave
Her lab'ring boſom, ſtruggling to burſt forth,
Impatient of their bounds. Her folded arms
Compreſs the ſwelling tumult; while her eyes,
Rolling from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
Glow with the pleaſing fury. Thus ſhe ſpoke.
Hail happy Britain! hail auſpicious day!
Hence a new race of bleſſings to mankind
Begins; from hence a progeny ſhall ſpring,
Stamp'd with the virtues of their royal ſire.
Like him, dejected Merit they ſhall chear.
Like his, their names ſhall be the fav'rite theme
Of toiling Manufacture's ſimple ſongs.
Like his, their genial influence ſhall nurſe up
The bays by Science planted, and no more
Shall Penury's froſty blaſts deſtroy their bloom.
Like him ſhall they dry up poor Miſery's tears.
Like him ſhall bid the bloody giant War
Ambitious tyrants ſcourge, till they accept
The offer'd olive, and ſubmit to let
The exile Peace return to bleſs their realms.
Like him, the nobleſt titles Virtue knows,
Immortal Fame ſhall give them; patriot kings,
And friends of Science, Liberty, and Man.

Powell Snell M. A. Gent. Com. of Ball. Coll.

EPITHALAMIA

AD REGEM.

TUtela matris ô Britanniæ potens,
Auguſte Princeps; quo tenente triplices
Regnorum habenas, deſinet nunquam dies
Agitare feſtos vota miſcens Patria,
Ut ſemper adſis publicæ ſalus rei;
Quæ Muſa, Te patronum adepta regium,
Fontem tacebit, unde rivulos ſuos
Deducat uſque læta Pieridûm cohors?
At gratulari queis tibi incipiet modis,
Feſti triumphi quamve materiem legat
Anceps Camœna? Cernis ut per æquora
Immenſa victrix claſſis incedit, Tibi
Parere ſoli geſtiens, quò proroget
Suetos triumphos nacta non ultrà locum?
Dum feſſa tandem Gallia, et conamine
Frendens inani, dente mordet invido
Meritam catenam, cladis haud unam vicem
Experta bello, at pacis indignantior.
At non minora, quæ domeſticis ſimul
Statuit tropæa parta gens victoriis.
Vocem minacem jam timet Diſcordia
Ciere tetra; ceſſat Ambitio nefas
Tentare vetitum, et præmiis venalia
Captare corda publicis: en! omine,
Monſtrante Te viam, bono revertitur
Virtus, Fideſque; Pax et incedit comes,
Optata ſancti connubî prænuntia.
Num ſcena fallit? verane hæc tandem vident
Læti Britanni? Scilicet Te, Patriæ
Nativam amantis perditè propaginem,
Thalamique caſti vinculis jugalibus
Pulchrè illigatum, gaudia hæc dulciſſima
Firmare ſeris jam volentem poſteris:
Dum Sponſa, voto litus ad Britannicum
Favente ducta publico, multùm Tui Amans,

Amans, amata mutuò multùm Tibi,
Natos frequentes ſpondet, et ſimiles patri.
Perge ô tuorum flos, et eximium decus,
Patriam fovere; tradere ô turbæ vagæ
Exempla vitæ pergito domeſticæ;
Dum Te juventus reſpicit Britannica,
Moreſque gaudet regiam ad normam ſuos
Formare tandem: haud reſpuit præconii
Vectigal, a Te prædicata publicè,
Rhedycina, voce geſtiens ſeſe tuâ
TUAM vocari: gratulanſque Patriæ,
"His noſtra creſcat, inquit, auſpiciis ſalus."

Joannes Newbolt A. M. Coll. Mag. Semicom.

INcrepuit tardos ventos, Eurumque morantem,
Albion impatiens, æquoreaſque deas.
Tandem lenta Thetis, Britonum Regiſque miſerta,
O flabris, dixit, lenibus, Eure, veni!
Eure veni; ſcopuli ſubſidite; curre, Phaſele;
Implete innocui candida vela Noti.
Parent; temperie ponit juſtâ Æolus undas,
Quâ portant Venerem lene per æquor aves.
Anglia propitios ventos, Germania nullos
Poſcit: utrinque urgent in ſua vota deos.
Tenè feram diſcedentem, chariſſima alumna,
Patria ait? Saltem necte, puella, moras.
Congemimus fruſtrà: avellunt te fata ſevera:
O decus! ô noſtrum! regia virgo, vale!
Nympha venit; ſceptris potior venit atque triumphis;
Genſque mari natam credit adeſſe deam.
Ter ſalve, Regina, ac Feliciſſime regum;
Et veſtra æternus pectora jungat amor.
Hinc longo reges orituros ordine, Phæbus,
Quorum par veſtræ gloria, dixit, erit.

T. Hamley Aul. Magd. Sup. Ord. Com.

EPITHALAMIA

ERgo funeſtis iterum te credere bellis,
Et pugnæ ancipiti, vis, maleſana Venus?
Quid Diomedeus poſſit furor, immemor uſque,
Negligis? Ah! neſcis quanta pericla moves.
Sin ea vis animo, nec læſam prælia terrent,
(Martia nec ſemper caſtra recuſat Amor,)
Alma veni; ad thalamos quibus aurum effulget et oſtrum,
Victoriſque torum, Diva, ſecunda veni!
Hic tua magnifico fumant altaria luxu,
Qualem vix Cyprus, vix habet ipſa Paphos.
Hic adſtant formâ, genere, et virtutibus aucti,
Dignus vir ſponſâ, ſponſaque digna viro.
Huc igitur currum, geminas huc flecte columbas,
Legitimuſque comes ſit tibi junctus Hymen.
Tuque Venus, tua ritè tuere per æquora, Regis
Dimidium, regni dimidiumque ſui.
Jamque ratis properat, longè pretioſior illâ,
Quâ petiit Paridis rapta Lacæna lares:
Illa malorum opifex, et iniquæ conſcia flammæ,
Exitium Priamo, Dardanidiſque tulit:
Hæc caſtæ Veneris fert æquo fœdere, GEORGI,
Omnia fauſta Tuis, omnia fauſta Tibi.
Hanc CAROLETTA olim aſpiciens, et carbaſa leni
Jam laxata euro, talia dicta dabat:
"Albis chara vale, natalia rura, valete,
Fraternumque, vale, dulce ſodalitium!
Tectaque queis dudum luſit mihi læta juventus,
Voſque puellares jam valeate chori!
Me regalis honos, majora negotia poſcunt;
En! veſtram ſolii lubrica pompa vocat."
Plura vetant lacrymæ; in patriam dum lumina figit,
Lumina, quod nequiit lingua, locuta VALE.

G. Tahourdin
C. C. C. Diſcipulus.

ΝΥΝ αγετ', ω Νυμφαι, λιπαρας ςεφανωσαι εθειρας
Ανθεσιν ευοσμοις, νυν λαμπαδα χειρι φερουσαι
Προσθε νεογραπτου θαλαμου, Υμεναιον αειδειν
Αρχετ'· αειδουσαι τε ες ἑν μελος, ευ περιπλεκτοις
Ποσσι χορον ςησασθε· θεος, θεος αυτος ανωγει.
Ουτινα δ' αθανατων ἡμεις κελαδησομεν, Υμην,
Σου προτερον· σεο γαρ κεν ανευ Κυθερεια γ' Ερωτι
Προςτιθεῖ μικρον· νεανισκοι, παρθενικοισι
Κουραι τ' εν θαλαμοισι σε κικλησκουσι μαλιςα.
Δευτερον αυτε γαμους ὑμνησομεν, ὡν κε Γεωργος
Νυν απολαυομενος μακαρωτατος ευχεται ειναι.
Ως ονομαζομενος λαμπει Βρετονεσσι Γεωργος·
Ως νυμφαις Χαρλοττα μεταπρεπει ἡλικιεσσι.
Νυν μοχλοι, νυν κλειθρα πεταννυσθ'· εξιθι γαμβρε,
Εξιθι νυμφα ταχιςα, και εξελθουσα Βρεταννοις
Δεικνυσο ὁιαν εχει σε Γεωργος αγαυος ανασσαν.
Εξ ὁ γαρ, λειψασα τεην πατριδ', ηδε τοκηας,
Ικεο ὡδ', ανδρες τ' αγαμοι παρακοιτιδα τοιαν
Ητησαντο θεους, και ὁμηλικες αυτοθε κουραι
Αξια χαιρ', εφασαν, βασιληος· εὐκλεος ανδρος
Αξια, χαιρ' αυθις· τι δ' αινεω ηε παρειας,
Η και παρθενικην μορφην; φρενες ἱμεροεσσαι
Την καλην κοσμουσι κορην, και φερτατον ανδρα.
Νυν και αμοιβαιων ὑμεις απολαυετ' ερωτων·
Ου πρεπει αρχαιαν γενεαν νυν ειναι απαιδα.
Μητερι σοι Βρετονων πανυτων ανακλινεῖ ελπις,
Μνηςευθεισα κορη· σοι μητερι δοιεν ὁμοιον
Παιδα θεοι, και πατρι φιλῳ, καλλος τε, φυην τε.
Σωφροσυνην ει πατρος εχοι και αμυμονα βουλην,
(Ος γ' αρετων πασων κορυφας δρεπει) ανδρα γυναικες
Πολλαι βουλησονται, ιδ' ανδρες πολλοι ανακτα.

EPITHALAMIA

Ει καλη δε θυγατερ χαειν παρεχοιεν εκαστην,
Ωσπερ μητερ, θεοι, τοιαν μνησην αϊζηοι
Ευχαις αιτησουσι, πολυς και λαος ανασσαν.
Αλλα σε γ' αθανατων επικλησομεν υστερον αυθις,
Υμην, ω Υμεναιε· γαμω επι τωδε χαρειης·
Κ' εις ετος εξ ετεος μητηρ καλεοιτο, λοχος τε,
Χαρλοτ' ευχαεισασ· και αμφω αμυδαζοιντο
Οφρ' ειεν Βρετονεσσι κλεος, και παισιν αγαλμα.

Chriſtophorus Taylor
Coll. Magd. Semicom.

NOW Hymen in connubial bands unites
The Royal Pair, to us, to ſons unborn,
Good omen! Hear what of the book of fate
Time ſhall unfold; O hear! The roll of fame,
The annal with a GEORGE and CHARLOTTE mark'd,
From heav'n deſcends: and ages hence ſhall ſee
The growing grandeur ripen'd into fame.
On pillars maſſy, ſuch as Druids rear'd,
A Saxon ſtructure, much reform'd, aroſe;
Its baſe Religion, and its columns Law:
Fabric eternal! Here high-ſeated ſhone
Britannia's Genius, with imperial pride
Conſpicuous: chiefs from either India ſent
On embaſſy, his high beheſts await,
Diſpleaſure dreading: he ſerenely mild,
Yet awfully majeſtic, ſits as Jove,
And ſhares with him the empire of the world.
Such his dominion vaſt — Forth from his ſhield
A head Gorgonian blaz'd: its aſpect death
To foes of freedom, but to friends, to GEORGE,
To gracious CHARLOTTE, every look was life.

Hard by, lo! bounteous Amalthea's horn
Diffuſive pours her ſtore, 'midſt war's alarms
To others how tremendous! only ſounds
Of conqueſts new, to Britons — Sounds, that ſeem
But feſtive dance, and ſong of jovial ſwains,
At GEORGE's bliſs diſporting: CHARLOTTE ſmiles,
Smooths the rough brow, and looks each care to joy.
More we at diſtance ken, within the clouds
Still much is ſhaded. Foremoſt ſee where ſtand
The ſhining arts of peace! o'er all the globe
Commerce her ſway extenſive holds: beneath,
Spurn'd to the loweſt ſtate, the Gallic hoſt
For a poor pittance crouch: above, aſcend
New palaces, where Architecture ſmiles,
And ſees each Art with her contend: each Muſe,
As at the ſun's approach fam'd Memnon's buſt,
Breaks into raptures, by a GEORGE reviv'd.
Juſtice aloft her equal balance holds
O'er fair Religion; cruſh'd beneath her roars
With pain convulſive, ſtretch'd o'er many a rood,
The Hydra monſter Vice: while the blythe Arts,
Their heads diminiſh'd raiſing, hail the warmth
Of royal influence: on this recline
Our Liberties, by patriot hearts preſerv'd;
Our rights commercial envied. Here revive
Aurelian virtue, and the Julian fame.
Further the roll, as of ſome ruder touch
Too ſenſitive, the ſight forbidding, leaves
All future times to praiſe what GEORGE ſhall act.
Hence learn, ye candidates of fame, his acts
To emulate, wou'd you his praiſe deſerve.
Far be from noble breaſts the luſt of power,
And mad ambition, at th' expence of worth,
Of reputation, trampling on the necks
Of free-born ſons by parent blood redeem'd.

A wiſer, a far better plan commends
Our Sovereign's wiſdom: Heaven rewards his choice
With every bleſſing, ſince with CHARLOTTE crown'd:
Her mien ſo graceful, manners ſo refin'd;
Such winning ſoftneſs charms in every air,
Such ſtrong perſuaſion hangs upon her tongue;
She looks a Venus, a Fauſtina ſpeaks:
Hear her, a Muſe — a Grace: behold her, ſent
To ſhew us virtue in a princely form.

Hark, hark, I hear th' inſpiring trump proclaim
The goddeſs. — Say, O Thames, when ſaw thy banks,
'Midſt joyous crouds, a preſence more divine
Than when, with gratulative ſounds, they ſtrove
To kiſs the impreſs of AUGUSTA's feet?

All hail the day which gives Britannia's ſons
This bleſſing: may each hour their joys increaſe,
And every year give pledges of their love!
What tongue can ſpeak, what mind enough conceive
The joy which ſwells each patriot breaſt, how big
With hopes of other conquerors from his race,
From his example! with his virtue fraught,
To bleſs Britannia, and her rights defend!

Hail myſtic hymeneal love! new life,
New dignity reſume: in every heart
Shall his example, as his perſon, reign:
The ſun with halcyon days returns to bleſs
Earth's genial bed; ſince, by her preſence grac'd,
A paradiſe revives, where CHARLOTTE reigns.

Joſeph Forteſcue D.D.
Fellow of Exeter College.

TO THE QUEEN.

WHen firſt the kingdom to thy virtues due
Roſe from the billowy deep in diſtant view;
When Albion's iſle, old ocean's peerleſs pride,
Towr'd in imperial ſtate above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair proſpect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conſcious joy thy breaſt might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal ſeat:
Lo! this the Land, where freedom's ſacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood,
Rear'd on one baſe the king's the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the ſtubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame that ſtill ſuperiour braves
The proudeſt threats of Gaul's ambitious ſlaves:
Here Chivalry, ſtern ſchool of valour old,
Her nobleſt feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
And throng'd the Board in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like GEORGE, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaſte beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd iſle, which hails thy choſen ſway,
What fertile fields her temperate ſuns diſplay!
Where property ſecures the conſcious ſwain,
And guards, while plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe ſtores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with ſcatter'd ſheep reſound;
Freſh are her paſtures with unceaſing rills,
And future navies crown her darkſom hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thouſand banners ſtream;
On every coaſt her vengeful lightenings gleam!

Meantime, remote from ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majeſty her cities ſtand;
Whoſe ſplendid domes, and tradeful ſtreets, declare,
Their firmeſt fort, a king's parental care.
And O! bleſt Queen, if e'er the magic pow'rs
Of warbled truth have won thy muſing hours;
Here Poeſy, from aweful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bow'rs, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-ſongs her ſolemn ſpirit breath'd:
While cunning Bards, at ancient banquets, ſung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenſer tun'd his myſtic minſtrelſy,
And dreſs'd in fairy robes a queen like Thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakeſpeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artiſt's tragic pencil choſe;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breaſt,
Thoſe wounds that lurk beneath the tiſſued veſt!
Lo! this the Land, whence Milton's muſe of fire
High ſoar'd to ſteal from heav'n a ſeraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In ſacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majeſtic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science ſits enſhrin'd in roofs ſublime. —
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Iſis' marge in many a chaplet ſtrays!
Thither, if haply ſome diſtinguiſh'd flower
Of theſe mix'd Blooms from that ambroſial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If ſeemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's feſtive day;
Thither thyſelf ſhall haſte, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like ſtep the conſcious plain:

Pleas'd in the muſe's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the ſcepter'd pall of ſtate aſide.
Nor from the ſhade ſhall GEORGE be long away,
Which claims CHARLOTTA's love, and courts her ſtay. —
  Theſe are Britannia's Praiſes. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection freedom's favorite race!
But though the generous iſle, in arts and arms,
Thus ſtand ſupreme, in nature's choiceſt charms;
Though GEORGE and conqueſt guard her ſea-girt throne,
One happier bleſſing ſtill ſhe calls her own;
And, proud a freſh increaſe of fame to view,
Crowns all her glory by poſſeſſing YOU.

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